Class PZ7
Book K124
Copyright No. M5

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

372
1481

INTRODUCTION.

It is hardly necessary any American lad need be reminded of the details of that glorious campaign which ended with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis; but yet, in order to freshen the memory, it may be well to read the following concise statement of facts as set forth by Prof. R. M. Deven:

"In the summer of 1781, Cornwallis had taken possession of several places in the south, and, in the latter part of July, desirous of establishing himself firmly in Virginia, he accordingly selected Yorktown as a suitable defensive post and capable of protecting ships of the line. By placing his troops, therefore, around the village, and drawing about them a range of outer redoubts and fieldworks calculated to command the peninsula, Cornwallis had, as he thought, established himself well.

"Lafayette, with an inferior number of troops,

was at this time at Williamsburg, but was unable to make successful engagements with the superior force of the British. Seeing at once the importance of putting some check upon the progress of Cornwallis at the south, Washington determined to unite the American and French forces, then in the neighborhood of New York, and join Lafayette at Williamsburg. This junction was effected on the 14th of September, Washington being at the head of the American troops, and the Count de Rochambeau at the head of the French forces. At the same time the Count de Grasse, with his fleet entered the Chesapeake, after a slight engagement with Admiral Graves off the cape, and was joined by the squadron of the Count de Barras from Newport. Three thousand men, under the Marquis Saint-Simon, were also added to the troops under Lafayette's command; and these combined forces then moved toward Yorktown and Gloucester, where Cornwallis was stationed.

"The British general had been expecting aid from Sir Henry Clinton at the north, but so adroitly had Washington withdrawn his troops

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE

Guy Peyton 1

CHAPTER II.

The American Lines 21

CHAPTER III.

The British Fleet 46

CHAPTER IV.

Yorktown 70

CHAPTER V.

Louis Poindexter. 94

CHAPTER VI.

Freedom 120

CHAPTER VII.

In Hiding 146

CHAPTER VIII.

The Assault 171

CHAPTER IX.

Surrender 196

"Ahoy on the frigate! Do you want to buy any fish?"—Page 56.

MORGAN, THE JERSEY SPY.

A Story of the Siege of Yorktown in 1781.

By JAMES OTIS.

With Six Page Illustrations by J. Watson Davis.

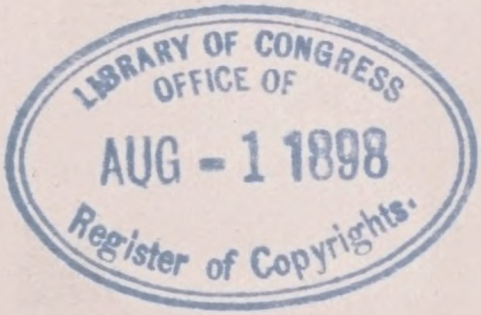
NEW YORK:
A. L. BURT, PUBLISHER.

PZ7
.K124
Mo

22493

Copyright, 1898, by A. L. Burt.

MORGAN, THE JERSEY SPY.



TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

336

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

"Hold on, lads, don't be in such a hurry to leave," cried the stranger..... 6

"Ahoy on the frigate! Do you want to buy any fish?"..... 56

Louis was roughly, and completely stripped of his garments. 105

Louis felt himself grasped by the shoulders and pulled violently through the aperture..... 122

Morgan raised his musket, and the soldier fell headlong, shot through the heart..... 147

While the boys were scaling the wall, they were confronted by a powder-begrimed figure..... 193

MORGAN, THE JERSEY SPY.

CHAPTER I.

GUY PEYTON.

It was on the 11th day of October, in the year 1781, that Guy Peyton, son of a planter who lived near the bank of the York River, equi-distant from Williamsburg and Yorktown, and his cousin Louis Poindexter, were in a small skiff near the shore of the river apparently engaged in fishing.

Their lines were out, and now and then one or the other gave heed when a nibbling fish tugged at the hook; but the thoughts of the boys were on what might be occurring at the village of Yorktown, rather than the possible catches to be made.

Louis' father was in the American army, an

aid on General Lafayette's staff, and when General Cornwallis issued an order that such of the inhabitants as wished to leave their homes might do so, Louis' mother and himself sought refuge at Colonel Peyton's plantation.

Guy's father was also a member of the American army, and it was but natural the one great grief in the hearts of these two boys was that they were not yet of sufficient age to admit of their becoming soldiers.

Two days after Mrs. Poindexter abandoned her home to the mercies of the British soldiery, that is to say on the 30th day of September, Yorktown was completely invested by the American and British troops, and the siege had begun.

On the 3d of October Colonel Peyton and Major Poindexter paid a hasty visit to the plantation, and then it was that these two fourteen-year-old boys begged most earnestly for permission to enter the ranks of the Continental army,

declaring, as boys are wont to do in order to gain their purposes, that it would be possible for them to perform the work of men.

At first the two officers laughed at the entreaties of their sons, then they listened for a certain time patiently, and after that grew weary of the importunities, until finally Colonel Peyton said, as if to put an end to the subject:

"When the time comes, my son, that you can be of real service to the cause, I shall say nothing against your striving to do all a lad may in in behalf of the country's freedom; but until then you and Louis are to remain here on the plantation, where you represent Major Poindexter and myself."

"But who shall say, father, when that time has come?" Guy asked as if determined to receive some definite promise. "Suppose you were away from home, as is like to be the case, and it seemed to one or both of us that we

might accomplish some good, how should it be decided that such was the fact?"

"If you laid the matter before your mother, and she told you it was right to embark in whatsoever you might have in mind, the matter would be settled satisfactorily to me," Colonel Peyton replied with a laugh, little thinking that the hour was so near at hand when, by exposing himself to much danger, his son would be able to render important service.

And thus the matter was settled, as the fathers believed, for many years to come, and, as the sons earnestly hoped, for only a brief period.

From that day until the time mentioned above, these two lads ceased not to speculate upon the possibility that they would soon be taking part in the stirring scenes which were being enacted all around them.

The French fleet under Count de Grasse remained in Lynn Haven Bay.

From the distance the boys had seen the French and American forces march down to invest the town, and after that they were without news either from the besieged or the besiegers, because of the fact that neither friend nor enemy had occasion to pass that way.

Since the day of their fathers' visit no word had been brought to them regarding the progress of affairs, and they were speculating as to whether the British or the Americans held the advantage, when suddenly from around a slight bend in the river came a small skiff with a single occupant.

It was only natural that the boys, although they were far from being cowards, should feel some alarm at the approach of this stranger, for he wore the scarlet coat of a British soldier.

The first thought in the mind of each was that the enemy must have gained the day, otherwise this man would not dare venture so

far from the camp, and Guy whispered hurriedly:

"It is time we were making a move, Louis, else we are like to find ourselves in Yorktown, where there would be no possibility of aiding the cause."

The boat was moored with a rock tied to a short length of line, and this Louis began hastily to pull in while his cousin took up the paddle, when the stranger cried in an exceedingly friendly tone:

"Hold on, lads, don't be in such a hurry to leave; but tell me who lives in yonder house?"

"My father, Colonel Peyton," Guy replied quickly, for he was proud of the military title which had been bravely won.

"Do you mean Colonel Peyton of the American army?"

"Surely a Virginian would not be found among the Britishers," Guy cried hotly.

"Hold on lads, don't be in such a hurry to leave," cried the stranger.—Page 6.

"Truly he should not; but yet there be in these colonies many who serve the king when one would say all their sympathies should be with their country."

"As yours are, I suppose?" Louis added, growing braver now since no other redcoats appeared.

"Certainly, and were it otherwise I should blush to own it."

"Then if your sympathies be so great with your own country, why not understand that other countries may be as dear to those who are bred there, and remain at home instead of coming here to oppress us?"

The stranger looked really bewildered for an instant, and then, much to the mystification of the boys, burst forth in a hearty laugh.

"It was well said, young sir, and for the moment I forgot the color of my coat, strange as that may seem. Now, instead of thinking me one who is over-curious and would pry into matters

which are none of his concern, I beg you tell me if you two be brothers?"

"I am the son of Major Poindexter, an aid on General Lafayette's staff," Louis replied proudly, determined that this Britisher should be made acquainted with his father's full rank, and glad of an opportunity to show the enemy that he dared thus speak.

"Major Poindexter, eh? It so chances that I am well acquainted with the gentleman, and now if you two will do me the further favor of saying who may be in yonder house—I mean what men-folks are around—I shall deem it a great kindness."

"Meaning that you are of the mind to learn if our home may be plundered in safety?" Guy said sharply, and again the stranger laughed, adding much to the bewilderment which was beginning to come upon the lads.

"The color of the coat affects you as much as it does a bull, Master Peyton, and I am not

sorry it is so; but yet, I pray that you answer the question, promising meanwhile that there is no thought of plunder in my mind; but on the contrary, I can speedily make it known that I am a friend rather than an enemy."

"We are not afraid to tell you the facts, nor should we be if there were half a dozen at your back, for my cousin and I are not awkward when it comes to handling a musket, and weapons are plenty at Peyton Hall. Save for the slaves, there are none here except our mothers and ourselves."

"Then, lads, have I come to the right spot, for knowing the father of one, I can vouch for the honesty of both, otherwise I would not put my life in your hands."

"If you do not go ashore, there is no danger, for we have been forbidden to provoke a quarrel with the enemy," Guy said loftily, and now the redcoated man laughed again.

"Yet, I do propose to go ashore if it so

pleases me; and what is more, it is in my mind that you will receive me as a friend; but first, let me make myself understood. I trust to your patriotism in thus declaring what in a British camp would cost me my life before sunrise to-morrow: I am enlisted in the British army."

"So we can see by the uniform," Guy replied, wondering meanwhile why this Britisher should be so merry, and what was his purpose in thus foolishly saying he put his life in their hands.

"But it was by the special request of the marquis, General Lafayette, that I enlisted, and were you boys but this moment at my home in New Jersey, I could show you there such writing from the commander-in-chief, General Washington, as would convince you that while my coat is red, my heart is true-blue."

"General Lafayette asked you to enlist, and the commander-in-chief has sent you a writing,"

Guy repeated, and Louis exclaimed, as the understanding came upon him

"Then you must be a spy!"

"Ay, lad, so I am; and now you can understand that I spoke only the truth in saying that I put my life in your hands."

"But, then, why are you here? How is it that you are outside the British lines?"

"Because I have information which it is necessary should be imparted to General Lafayette at once, and I may not carry it myself and return to the British camp. It was for the pretended purpose of fishing that I set out thus, with the hope of finding some one who could be entrusted with the message. Now if it so be, you lads will repeat to Major Poindexter what I speak, then is my purpose accomplished, and I can return without having aroused suspicion, for between here and Yorktown there is little chance of meeting with any of the American forces."

"We will willingly carry whatsoever message you may wish to send," Guy replied quickly. And then remembering his father's words, he added, "We are under instructions not to embark in any enterprise unless it shall be that our mothers decide we can benefit the cause thereby; but such decision must be given once we have repeated your words."

The stranger looked perplexed, and Louis made haste to explain what his cousin meant, by repeating the conversation between Guy and his father nearly a week previous.

"In such case there can be no question but that you will do as I wish. Say to your mothers that an American in British uniform, by name of Morgan, from New Jersey, is risking his life every moment in the hope of being able to benefit the cause; that he desires you shall say to your fathers these words: 'The first sortie which General Cornwallis proposes making will be against the batteries in the

second parallel, and within the next three days.' It is news of the utmost importance, and must be delivered without delay."

"But suppose you had not seen two whom you could trust?" Louis asked, curious to know all this man had in his mind.

"In such case I should have considered that duty demanded I desert from the British force, and thereby be unable to send any further information into our lines. Are you minded to charge yourselves with the mission, lads, which is accompanied, perhaps, with some danger?"

"Ay, that we are!" Guy replied emphatically. "And right glad of the opportunity which you offer. I pray now that you come to Peyton Hall, where my mother will give you welcome."

"That may not be, my lad, for I must return to Yorktown without delay, and already has my absence been of such length that suspicions may have been excited. When will you set out?"

"Within the hour. But, hark you, Master Morgan, we know not where to find my uncle and Major Poindexter."

"General Lafayette's camp, so information is brought into the town, lies southeast of the British center. If it so be you land anywhere on the shore two miles west of the British lines, you will come upon the French troops, and by making a strong demand they will conduct you to the American forces, after which the remainder of your work you will find is quite simple."

During this conversation the spy had paddled his boat alongside the boys' skiff, and there, holding fast by the gunwale to prevent the current from carrying him down stream, made known his mission.

Having thus spoken, he was on the point of releasing his hold in order to seize the paddle, when Guy, leaning forward, held out his hand as he said

"My father has taught me to honor brave men who risk their lives for their country, and I would thank you for having come here, since because of it Louis and I may have some little share in the struggle against the king."

Morgan pressed the outstretched hand warmly; then Louis presented himself, and when the adieus had thus been spoken the brave Jerseyman, whose life might be the forfeit of this visit, took his departure, saying, as he swung the boat around:

"Fail not to perform the mission within the shortest possible time, for much depends upon our forces being aware of the enemy's intentions. It may be we shall meet again, and if so, you will give me a heartier welcome than was mine when I first presented myself."

"We shall see you after the town has been taken, and then I hope you can truly say we had some share in the victory."

"And so you will have had, lads, for before

the sun sets this night you will have repeated to Major Poindexter that with which you are charged."

"It shall be done, or we will both be taken into Yorktown as prisoners," Louis cried emphatically, and soon the spy, aided by the current, was beyond the sound of their voices.

Now had come the time when they might not only go into the American lines, because of Colonel Peyton's permission given under such conditions as he did not believe would occur, but it was absolutely necessary they should do so, and it can well be imagined with what feverish haste the boys unmoored the light skiff and paddled ashore, afterward running at full speed to Peyton Hall.

There several minutes were lost by their eagerness in trying to explain the whole matter with the use of but few words, and when, after much questioning, their mothers learned the story, the boys were surprised because permis-

sion to depart was not readily given at once. At first both Mrs. Peyton and Mrs. Poindexter feared lest this was some ruse to entrap the lads, for they could not believe the spy might safely have gotten out of Yorktown, and even in such an improbable event they failed to understand why he should not have carried the information himself.

After a time, however, the good women came to realize that it would be hardly worth while for the enemy to spend time in laying a plot to capture the boys, when that single soldier might have taken them prisoners, and finally both came to believe that there was really urgent need for this visit to be made to the American forces.

"Surely father would insist that it was our duty to go without delay," Guy urged, impatient because his mother did not give an immediate and willing consent. "Master Morgan repeated twice over that it was of the greatest impor-

tance, and surely the reason he presented for not venturing inside our lines was sufficient."

"Yes, my son, and yet it seems to me improbable that two lads like you and Louis may be able to serve the cause in what would seem to be such a signal manner."

"But it is true, mother, else why would this man, who risks his life in bringing out the information, have begged us to make speed? He would not have entrusted us with the message, mayhap, but for the fact of his acquaintance with Uncle Poindexter."

It seemed to the eager boys that more than an hour had passed before the permission they craved was given, and then it was in their minds to set off without any preparations whatsoever; but to this the good women interposed such decided objections that they were forced to spend yet more precious time in what appeared very much like useless labor.

Not until they were supplied with thick

clothing, for the nights were cold and it was possible they would be forced to remain within the American lines until next morning, did the two ladies consider that the lads were properly fitted out for the enterprise.

Then food must be put up in such form that it could readily be carried, and all these preparations required so much time that at least an hour had been spent from the moment they parted with Morgan until, accompanied by their anxious mothers, they stood on the river bank ready to embark.

The skiff in which they had been fishing was the lightest craft on the shore, and in this it was proposed to paddle across the river.

"You will be exceedingly careful, Guy, and return immediately your father gives his permission," Mrs. Peyton cried as the boys pushed off, and both mothers gave much good advice which it would be impossible to act upon, before the boys were beyond sound of their voices.

"One would think we counted on putting to sea, after hearing all the instructions that have been given," Guy said laughingly, and Louis replied gravely, as if a sense of the impending dangers had already come upon him:

"Before we see them again it may be we will love to remember that they were thus careful of us."

"There is no reason why we should not be at Peyton Hall again by to-morrow at this time, for we go among friends; but I wish most sincerely that we might encounter dangers, for then it would seem as if our mission was of greater importance."

Louis made no reply to his cousin's remark, and before they were again at Peyton Hall both the boys saw all the danger and suffering that the most ardent patriot could have desired in his country's cause.

CHAPTER II.

THE AMERICAN LINES.

THIS first portion of the journey, which consisted simply in pulling the light skiff across a broad sheet of water, was accomplished without incident, as might have been expected.

When the boys were midway they could see the English vessels of war, several miles distant; but no attention was paid by them to the enemy.

On gaining the opposite shore the two landed without hindrance, and Guy became more than ever convinced that this attempt to aid the cause was so easy of accomplishment as to rob it of all merit. Even though the information they carried was of the highest importance, it seemed to him that they should brave dangers and hardships in order to win praise.

"If our mothers could see what a simple task this has been, their cheeks would redden with shame at the thought of having insisted on making such great preparations," Guy said as they leaped ashore from the skiff and began pulling her up where she might be at least partially concealed by the bushes.

"I shall be satisfied even though we do not encounter any perils," Louis replied gravely. "While I would not shrink at anything which might be overcome, it is more pleasant, according to my way of thinking, to do the business quietly and in safety, than with a lot of noise and the chance of receiving a bullet."

"It is not likely we will have another such opportunity, and I have been hoping from the moment we set out that something might come up whereby we could prove that even though our age be not sufficient to entitle us to the name of 'men,' we could do men's work."

"Now that we have landed, and may per-

chance come across a scouting party of British —for who shall say that they do not leave the town now and then even though it be invested —I am not feeling as brave-hearted as before we set out, therefore, all this quietness is much to my liking."

While they spoke the boys had been concealing the skiff, so far as was possible, and now started due south across the country, expecting to strike the American lines in such direction, because of information given by the spy.

They had no more than taken an hundred steps when a stern voice shouted from a thicket directly in front of them:

"Halt!"

It was a command they did not expect to hear in this place; but the tone was so peremptory that both boys involuntarily came to a standstill as they looked around in a vain effort to discover who had thus cried out.

Then came what seemed like a volley of

guttural sounds, rather than intelligible words, and Guy said, with a nervous tremor that did not well compare with his hopes of a few moments previous that they might encounter great danger:

"It must be that we have first come across the French portion of the army, and if there are none among them who speak English, we may be as badly off as though the redcoats were confronting us."

"Surely the commanders can speak our language, and we must be taken before them in time," Louis replied, and he who had been timorous was now the one to display the most courage.

The owner of the voice had not yet shown himself, and with the purpose of coming to some understanding Louis advanced again.

"Halt!" rang out once more in a peremptory tone, and this time there was a commotion among the foliage, after which a gaudily-

uniformed soldier, with his musket raised as if to fire, came into view.

"We are American lads, and wish to be taken to some one who can speak English," Louis said, as if believing this man must understand him.

The soldier replied at considerable length in the French lauguage, which was unintelligible to the boys, and while one might have counted ten the three stood gazing at each other inquiringly, when the soldier, motioning in the direction toward which the boys wished to proceed, but at the same time keeping his musket ready for instant use, succeeded in making them understand that they were to march in advance.

"He is going to take us to headquarters," Guy said, now feeling more at ease, "and once there all will be well."

"Yes, so that we find some one with whom we can speak," Louis replied doubtfully, as he obeyed the pantomimic command; "but if it so be fortune does not favor us, we may arrive at

General Lafayette's quarters so late that the information we bring will be of little value."

"Even though these men cannot speak English, they must surely understand that we are not Britishers, but boys who live near-by, and it would seem the only natural thing that we should be taken at once to those who can find out who we are."

The conversation was checked at this point by their sudden coming upon a squad of men in uniform like unto that worn by their captor, and then ensued what, to the boys, appeared to be a mere jangle of sounds rather than an intelligible conversation, after which they were ordered by gestures to move forward once more.

In this manner, and halted every few moments as they were met by some petty officer, for the party were now well within the French lines, the lads finally came in the vicinity of a cluster of tents which they rightly supposed to be the quarters of some officer of rank because

of the sentinels here and there, as well as the number of officers lounging around.

Then the prisoners heard the one who conducted them speak the name of the Marquis de Saint-Simon, and they were reassured.

"At last all is well," Guy said in a tone of satisfaction, "for you remember our fathers spoke of the marquis having joined the American forces with three thousand men, and surely he must be able to speak English."

In this the boys were not mistaken.

After some delay they were conducted to the principal tent, where, seated at a table on which were spread maps and papers, was a kindly-faced gentleman wearing a cocked hat, clad in a uniform resplendent with gold lace, and who asked in broken English, as they saluted him after their best military fashion:

"Why did you children attempt to enter our lines?"

Guy's face flushed at thus being called a

child, but he contrived to reply with some degree of courtesy:

"We are charged with an important message which must be delivered without delay to the father of my cousin, who is Major Poindexter of General Lafayette's staff."

"From whence comes this message?" the marquis asked not unkindly, and with evident appreciation of the situation.

"One who claimed to have been sent into Yorktown by General Lafayette, as a spy, came upon us a few hours since, urging that we bring here the word which he could not deliver in person."

"Is this Major Poindexter's son?" the marquis asked as he turned toward Louis, and the latter replied with a bow. "Then whom may you be?" he asked of Guy.

The desired information was given, and after speaking in French to one of his officers, the marquis said courteously:

"Do not suppose, because of the precautions we take, that the word of either is questioned; but this is a military camp, and certain precautions must be observed. It is necessary I send you under guard to the quarters of the Marquis de Lafayette."

"It makes little difference, sir, how we are conducted, so there be no delay," Guy replied, and the general dismissed them with a bow that won both their hearts, after having given some order in his native tongue to the officer standing nearby.

Now indeed was their task the same as accomplished, for the boys were sent forward at a smart pace, conducted by an officer and two privates, until, as nearly as could be judged, they had marched nearly three miles across a broken country, when the journey was come to an end. Then they saw what, although unused to military life, they understood was the quarters of a commanding officer.

At some distance from a collection of tents they were halted and forced to remain under surveillance of the soldiers while the officer sought out Major Poindexter, and then Louis saw his father approaching, with a look of mingled surprise and perplexity on his face.

"Why have you ventured to enter the lines?" the major asked sternly, but at the same time clasping his son warmly in his arms.

In as few words as might be the boys repeated to the major all the details of their interview with the spy, and when this had been done they knew beyond a question that the service they rendered was a signal one.

"You may come to my quarters," the major said, after giving a command in French to the soldiers, which had the effect of causing them to wheel about and retrace their steps. "It is well that I repeat to the marquis the words you have brought before you are sent home, for perchance he may wish to question you."

It was a welcome retreat, this canvas tent to which Major Poindexter conducted them, for both the lads were weary with the exertion of rowing and so much walking, and Guy said, as he flung himself down upon a blanket:

"We will hope that it is not possible for your father to see General Lafayette in time to send us back to-night. I would like above all things to sleep in a military encampment, and besides I am not eager to take another tramp for some hours yet."

Louis was quite as well content as his cousin to indulge in a rest, and the two laid on the ground under the shade of the canvas watching the novel sights around them until both fell asleep.

When they were awakened the night had nearly come, and standing over them was a soldier in Continental uniform, who said curtly:

"You are to follow me."

"To what end?" Guy asked, not yet fully awake.

"When you two lads have become of sufficient age to enlist, as doubtless you will, for the sons of your fathers could not remain out of service while the colonies are under the rule of the king, you will understand that soldiers obey, but never ask questions. My orders were to conduct you to General Lafayette's tent, and more than that I know not."

Guy was ashamed that he, who prided himself upon being almost fit for a soldier, should have been guilty of asking such a question, and in silence he rose to his feet as a token that he was ready to obey the command.

Then around and about what seemed a perfect maze of canvas tents the lads were conducted until they had come to one standing in the center of the others and of considerable size, before which were pacing two sentinels.

"By the general's orders," the soldier said as he motioned the boys to advance, and the sentries stepped back to give them entrance.

The messengers found themselves in the presence of half a dozen officers, clad in the Continental or the French uniform, and seated at the table, as if he commanded them, was a young man who appeared hardly more than a boy.

From all he had heard Guy knew this to be the young French Marquis, General Washington's personal friend, Lafayette, and both he and his cousin made their most ceremonious bow, at the same time that they endeavored to give a true military salute.

"You have had speech with one who was sent by me into Yorktown?" the young general said, speaking English with a decided accent.

The boys bowed.

"Will you describe the man to me that I may be certain there is no mistake?"

Guy hesitated looked at his cousin, and seeing that Louis was not disposed to act the part of spokesman, replied:

"He was not a young man, nor an old one;

his hair was nearly red, his nose long, and his body very thin, as it seemed to me; the uniform he wore hung loosely about him."

"Repeat to me all that he said."

This Guy did to the best of his ability, and when he was finished the marquis said as he turned to his officers who stood nearby, among whom was Louis' father:

"There can be no mistake, gentlemen, but that these youths have had speech with our spy, and we may rely upon the information. Now I would have you decide if, in view of the danger to be incurred, I am warranted in asking yet further service of these boys?"

"They will be in less peril providing the plan you have proposed, sir, be carried out, and more likely to succeed than any whom we could send," one of the officers replied, and immediately the marquis turned toward Major Poindexter.

"You are the most deeply concerned in this matter, sir, and I would have your opinion."

"I will answer for my son that he will do, so far as may be, whatever is required of him, and perform the work faithfully to the best of his ability. Therefore, General Lafayette, it is for you to command him as you would his father. I may also say the same, in Colonel Peyton's name, concerning his son."

Guy and Louis looked at each other inquiringly, and in no slight alarm, for from this conversation they were beginning to understand that there yet might be quite as much of danger in this enterprise as could be desired—and perhaps even more than they would find to be agreeable.

The young general remained as if in deep thought while one might have counted twenty, and then turning to the lads, said with a kindly smile which seemed a token that he was their friend:

"Are you minded, my boys, to make such a venture as will win for you the approbation and

the thanks of the great General Washington himself?"

"Indeed we are, sir!" Louis replied after one quick glance at his father, during which he read in the latter's face the desired permission, and Guy added:

"We stand ready to do all that is in our power, sir."

"It is well spoken, lads, and yet I would have you understand that the mission with which we would entrust you is one not lightly to be taken up, since it requires neither more nor less than that you enter the enemy's lines in a somewhat similar service to that now being performed by the brave Jerseyman, Morgan."

The marquis waited as if expecting the boys would reply, but they, almost bewildered by the idea of such a daring venture, remained silent.

"We would have you enter Yorktown in the hope that you may meet the spy, and having

done so, learn from him what may be the meaning of the unusual activity in front of the town during the past twenty-four hours. Our scouts bring in reports that boats are being massed there, and Morgan must contrive to get information concerning the matter. That having been done, you are to return here by the shortest road—do not understand me as meaning that you shall venture to make your way directly out of the town into these lines, but if it chance that you may do so, continue on around the point up Wormley's Creek, where you will find yourselves near-by General Lincoln's headquarters."

"Shall we set out now, sir?" Louis asked, and the general replied with a smile:

"There is hardly need of so much haste, and, besides, as yet you know not the plan we have made, by which it is hoped you can gain the town without difficulty. At or about midnight, with some of the men as guides, you will return

to the river bank, and there, with the assistance of those who accompany you, catch as many fish as may conveniently be taken until, say two hours after sunrise. Then our men will return, and you, after having pulled two-thirds of the distance to the opposite bank that it may be seen you come from that shore, will row directly down to the British fleet. You will most certainly be hailed, and then has come the time when you are to play the part of fishermen, asking a price which shall be reasonably high for such wares. Do you understand me thoroughly well thus far?"

The boys replied with a bow. Neither dared trust himself to speak lest his voice should tremble because of the excitement which had come upon him, and thus cause it to seem as if he was afraid.

"If it so be the men of the fleet buy all your fish, then is the adventure retarded, for you must catch yet more in order to have a pretext

for entering the town. I am supposing, however, that the sailors spend much of their time with hooks and lines, and that you make no sales among the vessels. Then it is you must crave permission to go on shore, and I doubt not it will be granted. Once there all depends upon yourselves, for no man can map out a course when it is impossible to say what circumstances may arise. The object of the visit is to ask the question I have repeated to you, of Morgan the spy, receive his answer, or wait until he can procure the information, and then return here. There is no need I should tell you how much of danger attends the undertaking. You are not ordered to go, but requested so to do, and no man can say aught against your courage if, after reflection, it is decided between you two that the task cannot be performed."

Louis observed that his father was leaning forward eagerly, as if afraid his son might shrink

from the perils, and he made haste to say in a tone which caused the major's face to lighten with pride:

"It is not possible for us to say that we can do all you desire, sir; but we are ready to make the attempt, and go so far in it as the Britishers may allow."

"It is bravely spoken, young sir, and I doubt not but that you will succeed. In either case, however, you have my heartiest thanks, and so far as I may be of influence, the way to enter the army shall be open, even though your age is against it."

Then the general extended his hands with the air of a friend, and having clasped them, the two boys, in obedience to a gesture from Major Poindexter, left the tent, halting a short distance away in the belief that Louis' father would join them as soon as opportunity permitted him to do so.

In this they were not mistaken; it was as if

they had but just come out when he stood in front of them saying proudly:

"I am pleased with you two this day, and would that Colonel Peyton had been present to see how well his son bore himself. Mayhap he and I made a grievous mistake when we decided you were too young for a military life; but if so no harm has been done, for once this work is accomplished satisfactorily you may take your choice as to that branch of the service you will enter."

"Does that mean we can enlist, even though only fourteen years old?"

"If you succeed in this mission, it means that I shall consider you fit to stand in the ranks no matter what may be your years. Now, lads, return to my quarters while I seek out Colonel Peyton, for he will desire to have speech with Guy before his adventure is begun."

It is safe to say that in all the allied army which had invested Yorktown there were no two

more proud and happy than these lads as they threaded their way through the tents, knowing that the men looked upon them as being of sufficient importance to be called upon for a service by the young French marquis, who had proven himself in every way to be a brave man.

When they were alone in Major Poindexter's tent, however, the boys began to realize more fully the nature of this venture which was required of them, and the danger that might attend it. If they should gain speech with Morgan, and before leaving the town it was discovered by the British that he was a spy, they would share his fate, and that, both well knew, was a brief military trial ended by a halter.

Even before such danger would be encountered, there was considerably more than a possibility that they might be made prisoners by those of the fleet, and if the shadow of the scaffold was not upon them, a long term of imprisonment might be their portion.

Then again, it was certain they could not do this work and return to the American lines, even though nothing should detain them, until after at least three days had elapsed, and during such time their mothers would be frantic with apprehension concerning them.

In fact, there was so much of an unpleasant nature connected with this work that was to win for them the approval of even General Washington himself, that anxiety took the place of pride, and timorousness began to overshadow courage.

They were very nearly despondent when Colonel Peyton entered the tent; but his words of praise soon restored them to a fair degree of content.

He shook hands with both as if they were old comrades, and the boys little dreamed how difficult it was for him to say in a cheery tone:

"I am proud that a son and a nephew of mine have been thought worthy to undertake such a

work. You have begun right bravely, lads, in the service of your country, and I am confident you will render a grand account of yourselves. How did you leave your mothers?"

"They were well, sir; but overwhelmed with anxiety lest the journey across the river and into the American lines might be attended with great dangers," Guy replied, choking back a sob as he thought of his mother's sorrow because his return was delayed.

"They will spend many sad hours before you see them again; but that is one of the fortunes of war and cannot be avoided. If it so be I may send word to them, it shall be done; but the siege is being pressed forward with vigor, and even one man may not be allowed to leave the trenches. You have before you a morrow of exceeding great labor, therefore all possible rest should be gained, for the weary man soon loses heart. A good soldier first learns to take care of his body, and that you must do at once

by composing yourself for sleep. May God have you in His holy keeping, and so incline your steps that you may soon see your mother again."

Perhaps the colonel did not dare trust himself to speak further; he kissed both lads affectionately, and then, in an unusually stern tone, bade them good night as he walked quickly out of the tent.

"I shall see you again before you leave, boys, and in the meantime it is your duty to sleep well. Put from your minds all thoughts of the morrow until the work be begun, for to look ahead in search of danger is not the best way to invite courage."

Then he also left the tent, and the boys were alone to sleep or to anticipate the coming day's work, whichever might be the easier of performance.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRITISH FLEET.

THERE was so much of excitement and anxiety in the minds of these two boys who had thus suddenly exchanged a peaceful home for the turmoil of a military camp, that it was not possible for them to follow the advice given and immediately close their eyes in slumber.

Even had it not been for thoughts of what they were to attempt on the morrow, the novelty of their surroundings, the bed upon the ground, the canvas tent, the tramp of the sentinels, and the regular cries from one post to the other proclaiming that all was well, was sufficient in itself to banish sleep from their eyelids. But when to this was added the thoughts of the mission with which they were charged, and the

possibility—one might almost say probability—that before another night had come they would be prisoners to the British force, charged with playing the part of spies, it was as if they would never more lose themselves in the unconsciousness of repose.

It is a fact, however, that they did finally fall asleep, and for a certain time their slumber was as peaceful as if both had been at home under the watchful care of their mothers.

Then came the awakening, when for a moment they were puzzled to understand where they were, and finally, realizing all that had occurred during the past eighteen hours, they rose to their feet, surprised at learning that it was yet night.

Both Colonel Peyton and Major Poindexter were in the tent, and the former said, as Guy looked about him in bewilderment:

"It is necessary you set out thus early in order to be at the work of fishing before day

breaks. There is nearly three miles of distance between here and the river."

The boys had lain down fully attired, and once they became sensible of their surroundings were ready for the work of the day. There was no lingering to make a toilet; no preparations for this dangerous adventure, save that they ate as hurriedly as might be the corn-cake and boiled ham Major Poindexter had provided.

They were to carry no weapons, for it would be worse than folly to attempt a defense if they were attacked, and arms in their possession would excite suspicion.

Whatsoever might come, whether for weal or for woe, they must meet it passively, and during such time as they would be within the enemy's lines, could not afford to take the chances of using force unless, peradventure, that desperate moment had come when death stood so near at hand that the danger could not be increased.

Neither of the officers thought it well to give the boys any advice regarding the mission.

They had been told in a general way what was expected of them, and no one might say how the journey would progress, therefore it was well they went upon their own plans, or even at haphazard, trusting to this chance or that, as might come, to aid them in the perilous undertaking.

"There remains only this much for us to advise," Colonel Peyton said, as he clasped both the boys by the hands: "Be prudent, remembering at all times that caution is your best ally, and do not run needlessly into danger in order to economize time, save it might be that that which Morgan the spy learns in answer to your question should be of such nature as to demand its being brought without delay into these lines. You are now doing soldiers' duty, and have ceased to be boys so far as actions go. Consider well before you venture upon any course, and

once having decided on it, push straight forward without allowing yourselves to be led from the direct path, save it absolutely necessary."

Neither the major nor the colonel dared indulge in leave-taking lest it should weaken the courage of the boys, and when the latter had finished giving his brief advice, he summoned the two soldiers who were to accompany the messengers to the river bank, saying as they entered:

"You will make all haste to gain the water, and once there delay not in setting about the work of fishing. It is necessary these boys have as large a load as may be possible within an hour after sunrise. Now be off, and God bless you!"

Guy and Louis both turned to clasp their fathers' hands once more; but the two officers were walking rapidly away as if bent on business of such importance that they could not linger for a farewell word with their sons.

While neither had any thought of turning back, nor would have done so had it been possible, there was a decidedly large lump in the throat of each as they set out in the darkness immediately behind the two guides, beginning that journey which might lead them even to the scaffold.

If they were timorous then, it is not surprising, for even hardened soldiers might well have been excused for having an uncomfortable fluttering at the heart when beginning such work as had been put upon these lads.

It is to their credit, however, that neither gave token of what was in his heart, and that outwardly both were as brave as if this playing the part of a spy was something to which they had ever been accustomed.

The two soldiers, bent on obeying to the letter the orders given, did not allow the boys to linger during this march, but set forward at a sharp pace, taking good heed that those whom

they were expected to guide followed closely in the rear.

Even though the pace was rapid, the boys could not be very severely fatigued, because of the many halts which it was necessary to make.

They were passing along the outskirts of the encampment, and it was necessary to make known to the guards of each division their right to be abroad at such hour. Therefore it was after leaving General Lafayette's headquarters they came first to the troops commanded by Baron Viomenil, where they showed the authority which permitted them to continue on.

Then they were halted near-by the headquarters of the Viscount Viomenil; after that at General Saint-Simon's quarters, and from thence the way lay open to them.

It was perhaps half an hour before sunrise when, having launched their skiff, the party set about the task of catching fish, the soldiers hav-

ing brought with them a supply of hooks, lines, and bait.

The day had already dawned; the sky was cloudless, and if any auguries could be gathered from the heavens, they were likely to accomplish their mission without mishap.

During two hours the four fished industriously, and with reasonable success. At the end of that time they had a cargo so large that even though the sailors of the fleet should buy generously, there would still be enough left on hand to serve as a pretext for wishing to go ashore.

During the march from the camp, and while they had been engaged in fishing, the soldiers asked no questions, nor did the boys volunteer any information; but when it was time for the latter to set out on the last stage of the dangerous expedition, and the men were about returning to the camp, one of them said as the skiff was pulled toward the shore:

"We haven't asked where you were going,

lads; but can make a pretty fair guess at it, and if good wishes are likely to be of any benefit, you should pull through all right because of ours. I reckon you have already been burdened with as much advice as it is possible to remember; but at the same time I'm going to give you a bit on my own account: If you are cornered and charged with having come into the town from our army, keep up a bold front. Remember that you must hold to your first statements, and however frightened you may feel, don't let it be seen in your faces. That is half the battle in such work as you are about to undertake."

"We are thanking you for the advice," Louis said with a nervous laugh; "but at the same time hoping we shan't be considered of sufficient importance to occupy the attention of the Britishers."

"I hope you won't, so good luck to you, lads, an' remember that timorousness in the face of the enemy is well-nigh a crime."

Then the soldiers leaped ashore and the boys backed their skiff off from the bank until she could be turned, after which they pulled with vigorous strokes toward the opposite shore, neither caring to speak just at the moment because of the uncomfortable, if not absolutely disagreeable, thoughts in his mind.

Not until they were nearly across the river, and so near the bank that it was almost possible to see Peyton Hall, was the silence broken, and then Guy said, much as though it were an effort to speak:

"I reckon it is time we headed for the British fleet."

"Whenever you will," his comrade replied. Since we must go, the sooner we are there the better, so far as I am concerned, for even imminent danger is far more preferable to anxiety and suspense."

"Then here goes, and we'll see how nearly we can follow the soldier's advice; although

just at this minute I am far from feeling remarkably brave."

"The wisest plan is to keep our thoughts from what may happen and not attempt to look into the future," Louis replied stoutly, and then the boat was headed toward the fleet, which, from this distance, could not be seen.

During the next hour they rowed steadily, and thanks to the aid of the current, at the end of such time found themselves within hail of the frigate Guadaloupe, seemingly in the very midst of war vessels and transports.

"Do you act as spokesman, Guy, and I will hold my tongue, unless it becomes absolutely necessary to wag it," Louis said, in a voice which was far from being steady, and at that instant came a hail from the man-of-war.

"Boat ahoy!"

"Ahoy on the frigate!"

"Pull alongside and give an account of yourselves."

"Do you want to buy any fish?"

"Pull alongside!"

"We have got a good lot that were caught since daylight this morning, and will sell them cheap," Guy said, as the little skiff was headed directly for the frigate.

"Cease rowing! Stay where you are, and answer my questions truthfully, or you may find yourselves in trouble!" a redcoated officer on the quarter-deck cried sternly.

"But surely we cannot get into trouble by coming here to sell fish, since it has been made known that you are ready to trade with us people living hereabouts."

"Where is your home?"

"On the York River, an hour's pull from here."

"When did you leave there?"

"We began fishing just at daybreak, and must have been nigh on to an hour coming down."

"Did you go through the American camp?"

"No, sir."

"Why did you not take your fish there to sell?"

"Because we have heard that the Continentals were camped too far in from the river, and then again, it has been said that they fail to pay as good a price as do the king's troops."

"Ay, and you Yankees are ever on the alert for a shilling. However strong may be your patriotism, you hesitate not whether the money comes from the king or the rebel followers."

"We must live, sir," Guy replied stolidly.

"Yes, while your elders are fighting against the king, children are sent out to lay hold of so much of his gold as may come in their way."

"So far to-day, we have seen none of it, and are hardly like to unless you are wanting some fish, sir."

"I'll venture to say you sell none among the fleet, for our men catch as many as can be

eaten. Why didn't you bring meat, or chickens?"

"Because we had none, sir. There are yet fish to be caught; but the chickens have been carried away by the king's men. If it please you, sir, will there be any objection to our landing in the town?"

"If you go there simply to sell fish, and can satisfy such of the guard as take you in hand, I know of no reason why you should not make the attempt; but my permission amounts to nothing."

"There can be no harm in the trying," Guy said, as if appealing to his companion, and Louis replied:

"Perhaps we may save a longer pull by selling what we have among the fleet."

The officer on the Guadaloupe had ceased to pay any further attention to the boys, and they fearful lest it might be that their great desire to land was apparent in their faces, spent no less

than half an hour more rowing from one vessel to the other, but without being able to dispose of the cargo.

During this time they did not dare speak one to the other, save on such matters as concerned their alleged business, and were yet within ear-shot of a transport lying nearest the town, when Guy said:

"There is no help for it. We must go ashore, and it looks much as if our time had been wasted, both in fishing and coming here."

"Bring meat and poultry and we will trade with you," one of the sailors cried.

"That we are willing to do if we can get hold of any; but both fowls and creatures are scarce hereabouts since the troops came."

The men on the vessels set up a shout at this remark, as if they saw in it something extremely comical, and when the boys had pulled so far away that there was no longer any danger their

conversation could be overheard, Guy said in a tone of triumph:

"Thus far everything seems to be working our way, and if we be no more closely pressed ashore than among the fleet, we are like to finish the work without much danger."

"But there is little chance we shall get off so easily from those on the land, and I am trembling lest we are asked our names, for there may be some among the enemy who know of your father or mine."

"We will claim to be brothers, for surely there can be no harm, while engaged in such a cause, to tell that which is not strictly true, and if we say that our mother lives alone, it will not be absolutely false."

"Now, it would be better if we had less weight of fish."

"Why so?"

"Because we cannot carry such a burden through the streets."

"One can stay by the boat while the other goes ashore, for it will never do to be seemingly careless of our goods. We must insist on getting the highest possible price even though much time be spent in bantering."

"Who is to remain at the shore?"

"You, if you will. I am satisfied to take my chances in the town, and after making one trip around the camps will come back and give you an opportunity. Or, if I should see the spy, can send him to the shore to talk with you rather than run the risk of speaking to him while we are where we might be overheard."

Louis made no protest at this division of the labor and the danger, and the boys spoke not again until the skiff's bow grated on the sand, when they were confronted by one of the men who was patroling the beach.

"Have you a permit to land here?" he asked, presenting his bayonet at Guy's chest as the latter was about to step ashore.

"We didn't know any was needed, sir. One of the officers on the frigate told us there would be no question but that we could land for the purpose of selling fish."

"You must have a permit. My orders are to prevent any strangers from coming ashore."

"How may that be gotten, sir?" Guy asked respectfully, and at the same time wearing a look of perplexity which was not assumed.

"I cannot say as to that; I have other things to look after than helping rebel fishermen out of trouble."

"But it has been said, and I have even heard that General Cornwallis himself gave such permission, that the people living hereabouts might come into the camp to sell provisions."

"Those who want to do so have been obliged to get a permit," the man said, still holding Guy in check. "You must show one, or push off."

This was an unexpected interference with their plans. The boys had anticipated much

questioning on the part of the officers after they were once ashore; but that they should be prevented from landing was something that had never occurred to them, and both Guy and Louis were sadly perplexed as to how the difficulty might be overcome.

The soldier was obeying orders after his own pig-headed fashion, and there was no hope, judging from his manner, that they might be able to gain the desired permission from him, because the argument in shape of a glistening bayonet was the only one he would advance.

That they might have time to devise some plan for getting word to those in command, Guy pushed off in obedience to the demand, and the two were about pulling away from the shore when they were hailed by three or four soldiers who were evidently on a leave of absence.

"What have you boys got in that boat?" one of them cried.

"Fish, caught this morning."

"Why don't you come ashore and sell them?"

"Because my orders are to prevent strangers from landing, unless they show a permit," the sentinel said sharply.

"But how can these lads get such a document if you keep them afloat?"

"That is not my business," the pig-headed soldier replied, and, perhaps, because of the fact that they were to be denied such an article of food, these men at once conceived a strong desire for fish.

"Hold on a minute, lads. If you will agree to give us so much of your wares as will serve for one meal, we will get the permit for you, or bring some one here who has authority to let you land."

"That we will willingly do," Guy cried, and after a brief consultation one of the party set out toward the town, leaving his companions to see to it that the obstinate sentinel did not

exceed his duty by ordering them away from the shore.

In less than five minutes the soldier had returned in company with one who wore the uniform of a captain.

Perhaps this officer also had a desire for fish, for he at once ordered the sentinel to permit the boys to land, and when the two were on shore, while the squad of soldiers were selecting from the cargo such as they claimed to have earned, the captain made certain inquiries regarding the business of the alleged fishermen.

"What are your names?" he first asked.

"Guy and Louis Barton."

Then came the question as to the location of their homes, the purpose in visiting the town, and whether they had been in the habit of selling fish to the American army.

Fortunately there was no inquiry as to whether they had visited the American encampment lately, and Guy could reply with all truth-

fulness that they had never attempted to do any trading with the Continental soldiers, alleging as a reason that it was said among the common people that money was far too scarce in the ranks of the patriots to make such intercourse profitable.

"Then you have no other business here than that of selling your fish?" the officer asked, after having satisfied himself on the other points.

"No, sir, and if it can be done before sunset we shall return at once to our homes."

"Then there is a chance that you may wish to remain here until morning?"

"Yes, sir, if it so be that we fail to sell our fish in due season."

Then the officer wrote a permit for Guy and Louis Barton to trade in Yorktown during no more than twenty-four hours, coupling it with the command that they report to him, or whosoever should be the officer of the day, before their departure.

"This will answer your purpose, providing you do not show a disposition to be too inquisitive, in which case much harm may come. Keep away from the fortifications, where you will find no customers, and all will be well."

"We care only to sell our fish, sir," Guy replied as he thanked the officer for the favor, and then the captain left them to transact their business.

The soldiers who had gained for them this indulgence marched away, each carrying a fish in his hand, and the sentinel continued again to pace to and fro on his beat as if in high dudgeon because the boys had succeeded in their purpose with but little trouble.

"Now I will take as many as I can carry, and you shall do your best to sell what is left," Guy said, not daring to speak further lest his words be overheard by the soldier.

"How long do you count on being away?"

"I shall stay until I have at least sold enough

to make this day's work profitable," Guy replied with a meaning glance, and Louis understood it to be as if he said it was his purpose to remain in the town until after having had speech with the Jersey spy.

"You will come back as soon as may be," he said nervously, for this being left alone on the shore in the midst of the enemy, who might with good reason accuse him of having come under false pretences, was not calculated to make him feel comfortable in mind.

"I will stay no longer than may be necessary." And with this, Guy, having strung as many fish as he could carry on a string, set out toward that portion of the town where there seemed to be the greatest number of idle soldiers, while Louis, literally trembling with apprehension, watched eagerly until he had disappeared from view.

CHAPTER IV.

YORKTOWN.

Fully sensible of the dangers which menaced, Guy made his way from the shore up through the town, searching rather for Morgan, the Jerseyman, than for purchasers of his wares.

As a rule the redcoated soldiery paid little or no attention to him; people from the country round about coming to dispose of their wares were, or had been before the town was regularly invested, so common as not to excite curiosity, and it was only those who desired to purchase food with which to vary the scanty army rations, who had an eye out for such visitors as Guy was supposed to be.

Fortunately for his purpose, there was not a

keen demand for fish on this day, and he roamed from one portion of the town to the other no less than two hours without having sold more than half of the stock he had brought with him.

During all this time he had seen nothing of the Jerseyman, and it seemed certain the spy must be on duty in the fortifications, otherwise he would have recognized this visitor, and at at once suspecting his purpose, shown himself.

It was impossible Guy could serve the American commander by observing the disposition and force of the enemy, because of his ignorance in military affairs. As for being able to say what was doing on certain of the fortifications in the way of strengthening them, or preparing to resist an attack from the parallels which were being advanced by the Americans, he was helpless, having not the slightest idea or knowledge concerning such works.

All that he might be able to do, therefore, was to repeat to the spy the message with

which he had been entrusted, and if it so chanced that he failed to find this man, then had he and Louis risked their lives without having gained anything except the approbation of those who had sent them on this perilous mission.

He cried his wares until he was hoarse; trudged here or there wherever he saw a knot of redcoated soldiers, until he had become so weary it seemed impossible he could longer keep on his feet, and then, despairing of succeeding in his purpose, he sat down by the side of the road, still watching intently each one who passed, but giving no heed to any around him, save, as has been said, to make certain the man he sought was not in the vicinity.

It was because of this eager searching with the eyes, this looking here and there at the soldiers instead of endeavoring to dispose of his wares, that he attracted the attention of the same captain who had given him the permit to

come on shore, and without Guy's being aware of such fact, this officer followed him during the half hour before he found it absolutely necessary to gain some rest.

The captain was standing a short distance from Guy, still watching him intently, when a brother officer in the uniform of a lieutentant, came up and said banteringly as he halted:

"Well, Bolton, what especial business have you on hand here? I thought all the excitement was to be found at the front, and yet you appear as eager as I ever saw you in Philadelphia, where there was something at least in a measure worthy a man's attention."

"Be quiet, Gray, and don't talk so loudly. I have been following yonder lad who, two hours or more ago, asked for a permit to sell fish through the town."

"Well, he doesn't seem to be meeting with much success just at present," the lieutenant said with a laugh.

"No, and I fancy it is immaterial to him whether trade is good, bad or indifferent."

"A spy, eh?"

"It hardly seems possible that the rebels would have sent a child like that who surely could have no knowledge of military movements, with the idea that he might gain information here; but certain it is that that boy has other matters on his mind besides the selling of his stock in trade."

"Why do you think so?"

"Note how eagerly he eyes every man who passes. It has been thus ever since I first observed him; he goes hither or yon wherever the greatest number is congregated, and while crying his wares looks for other than possible customers."

"You are grown over-suspicious, Bolton, if you see in a youth like that one who can do any harm."

"I am not saying he can do any harm; but,

if you remember, Gray, we met in Philadelphia several of these so-called children who carried a vast fund of information out of the city, enabling the rebels to work us considerable harm now and then."

"If it be in your mind that he is bent on a different errand than was stated when you gave the permit, why not have him put under arrest? I warrant the whole story will be known after he has grown alarmed for his life, as he would so be under judicious threats of the gallows."

"It would seem, Gray, as if you had been in these colonies long enough to understand that the people are nearly all of the same kidney, and that the child or the old man is equally ready to serve the so-called cause of freedom. You treat lightly anything of this kind, and yet, besieged as we are—and mind you I do not say this to be repeated—by a force which in every point outclasses us, we have good reason for

wishing to know all that the enemy may be doing. It is in my mind to learn whom this lad seeks, and after that the arrest may be made; but it would be a mistake to attempt to frighten him now."

"Well, watch your child until the time has come when you consider it necessary to call out a file of soldiers to suppress him. It is no affair of mine," and the lieutenant would have moved on but that his friend stopped him by saying:

"Take my place in parade to-night if I am not there, and explain to the colonel why I am absent."

"All shall be done as you wish, my dear captain, and I hope you will have success in your present childish undertaking."

With a hearty laugh the lieutenant moved on, and the captain, not to be bantered from his purpose, took up his station yet further away lest Guy might observe him; but relaxed not one whit of his vigilance.

Now it was, that shortly after this conversation between the two officers, Colonel Peyton's son fancied he saw in the distance the man whom he was so eager to meet, and, starting up quickly, went toward the supposed Jerseyman with all speed, Captain Bolton following close at his heels.

Arriving nearer Guy was positive he had made no mistake; that the Jerseyman glanced toward him, a certain light in his eyes as if he would have spoken, and then immediately afterward a look of fear came over his face as he turned, walking rapidly in the opposite direction, mingling with a throng of redcoated soldiers as if it was his desire to escape observation.

Puzzled because of such behavior, and saying to himself that the Jerseyman could not have recognized him else he would have stopped to speak, Guy pressed on, forgetting entirely that he had left his store of fish lying by the roadside as if it was of no value.

In the meanwhile Louis perforce remained near the boat, making every effort to sell his wares, and allowing no person to pass without accosting him.

He was not successful as a merchant, for when more than two hours had passed he had met with only six customers, and the purchases of these were so small that the cargo was not apparently diminished.

As the time passed he became exceedingly anxious concerning his cousin. The town was a small one, and it certainly seemed as if Guy could have gone through the entire place in less than half the time already spent.

With the fear constantly before him that his cousin might have come upon some unexpected danger, Louis grew more and more alarmed as the moments passed, until suddenly, as if he had been hiding behind a building near at hand, he saw the spy rapidly approaching him, and it was with difficulty he could repress a cry of delight.

It was as if Morgan had so timed his approach as to arrive at the boat when the sentinels patroling the beach were farthest away, and while there were no loungers in the immediate vicinity of the young fish-dealer.

Louis, heeding only the fact that the man whom they were so eager to meet was before him, would have advanced quickly, but that a look in the Jerseyman's eyes checked him, and to account for his sudden change of position he cried:

"Will you buy some fish to-day, sir?"

"At what price and of what kind are they, my boy?" Morgan asked carelessly, coming nearer the boat as if to look at the cargo, and when the two were standing side by side he whispered:

"Your cousin has brought suspicion upon himself. One of the British captains is following him from point to point. Why did you venture here?"

"Following Guy?" Louis asked in pained surprise.

"This is no time for repeating words, lad!" Morgan said sharply. "Have your wits about you, and do not make it necessary that I speak the same words twice, for time is too precious. Tell me why you came here?"

"We were sent by General Lafayette with word to you that he would know why the British are massing boats at the Point. We were to get speech with you as soon as possible, and when information could be given us, return to the American lines."

"I fear you may have to go back without the information, and perhaps without your comrade."

"He is not arrested!" Louis cried, again speaking incautiously loud, and again being reproved by the spy.

"Not as yet; but true it is that he is under surveillance which will hardly end until he has been sharply questioned. I saw him in the

town, and noted that he was followed by this captain, therefore was forced to run away lest he should hail me as a friend."

"But what am I to do?" and Louis' tone was a tearful one.

"By deserting your comrade you can unquestionably save yourself from possible arrest."

"That I would not do, even though I might save myself from positive death."

The Jerseyman glanced at him as if in admiration because of this loyal remark, and then half-turned as if to go.

"Since you do not feel at liberty to secure your own safety, there is nothing to be done save remain to share in whatsoever fortune may come to him, for I am quite certain his arrest will follow, although why this captain's suspicions were aroused I cannot say. Now I will make it my business to get the information you desire; but when we meet again do not recognize me unless I should speak first, and if the

fates are so kind to us that you may see your comrade before he has been taken into custody, repeat the warning to him, for should the Britishers see that we three were acquainted, it would send us all to the gallows."

Having said this Morgan walked swiftly away, and some faint idea may be had of the horrible fears which now beset Louis.

He dared not leave the shore lest his cousin might suddenly come and fail to find him; he would not seek safety by flight, because such a course would not only be cowardly, but disloyal to his cousin, therefore was he chained to that spot, unable to do anything toward warding off the danger which was so near at hand.

He tried to decide in his own mind what he should do if Guy was arrested and he allowed to remain at liberty; but so great was the mental anguish that he could get no further than the thought of his cousin in custody on the charge of being a spy.

He was powerless whatever might come, and yet forced to continue the pretense of selling fish.

A soldier passing by asked him the price of his wares, and so great was his distress of mind that it was almost impossible he could make a seemly answer to the question.

Another, observing the distress in his face and thinking it was caused by the lack of customers, would have cheered him by promising that on his next visit he would do a better business, for just prior to that time fishermen had been plentiful in the camp, but Louis looked at him hardly understanding the words.

Another hour passed; the afternoon was more than half-spent, and Louis knew beyond a peradventure that some disaster had befallen Guy, else he would have returned ere this to report failure or success.

It seemed positive that the same misfortune which had visited his cousin must come upon

him also, because it was known the two were there in company, and if one was charged with a crime or misdemeanor, so also must be the other.

Therefore he awaited the moment when the soldiers should come to arrest him, and his heart almost ceased beating as he realized what must be his fate if he was taken as a spy.

Now he remembered every word his mother spoke before he left Peyton Hall, and again he heard his father's voice as while he was within the American lines.

Then suddenly he started in alarm, as if he would flee, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, looking up, he saw once more the Jersey spy.

"Your comrade is under guard, and will be taken before General Cornwallis as soon as it may be that officer's pleasure to see him. It now only remains that you return to the American lines with the information that I have gained."

"Leaving Guy behind?"

"Ay, it must be so, lad, since you cannot take him with you."

"But I can at least stay to share his fate."

"To what end? Will it make his trouble any lighter because you are in the same danger? Or can you serve the cause better by remaining in a British prison—perhaps ascending a British scaffold?"

"I can save myself much suffering in the future, for were I to leave Guy now, the shame would be so great that I should never forget it."

"But I have the information the general desires, and it should be carried to him at once. You have no right to think of your own life or your own feelings at a time when our country demands your best exertions."

"You say Guy is under guard?" Louis asked as if a sudden thought had taken possesion of him.

"Yes."

"Do you know where he is?"

"In a certain building not far from here, which is used as a guardhouse and prison."

"Is it not possible that you or I, or both of us, might help him?"

"To escape, do you mean?"

"That, or whatever else we might do."

"I do not know how much could be compassed; we are surrounded here by the British forces, and even though he were free this moment it would be difficult for you to get outside the lines without permission."

"It were better he was shot down while trying to escape than be hanged."

"It is by no means certain they can convict him of being a spy. So far as I know, all he has done has been to hunt for me, and it may be that some of the enemy—perhaps this captain—has seen him giving more time to the search than to the selling of his fish. Yet that would not be sufficient to condemn him to death."

"Then it is possible he may be released?"

"Possible, but not probable, at least for some days."

"The message which you would send to General Lafayette may be carried to-morrow as well as to-night?"

"Yes, for it is said the boats are being massed in case the commanding general should decide it was wisest to move across to Gloucester; but there is likely to be nothing done in the matter for forty-eight hours at the soonest —certainly not until the besiegers have gained more of an advantage than they at present hold. I am off duty until——"

Morgan ceased speaking very suddenly, and taking up one of the fish from the boat said in a loud tone:

"It seems a goodly price to pay for such a fish, but here is your money."

Then handing to Louis a silver piece he walked swiftly away, leaving the boy gazing

after him in mute astonishment because the course of the conversation had been so abruptly changed, and with the change was come the departure of the only man in the camp whom he could look upon as a friend.

A moment later, however, he understood why the Jerseyman had left him so unceremoniously.

A short distance away, coming directly toward the boat, was a squad of four men in charge of a corporal, and Louis realized at once that it was no longer possible for him to make his escape, even if he would be cowardly enough to do so while his comrade was in danger.

The sudden departure of Morgan had enabled the boy to see those who would take him prisoner sufficiently long in advance to give him an opportunity of regaining his self-possession, and when the corporal, after ordering his men to halt, having come directly in front of the boat, declared in a loud voice that the young

fisherman was his prisoner, Louis asked innocently:

"Is it a crime to sell fish here? Surely you cannot arrest me, for my brother has in his pocket our permit to trade in this town."

"Fall in; I know nothing about your permits or your trading. You are under arrest, and it will not be wise for a lad like you to make any resistance."

"I do not count on resisting, if it so be you aim to carry me away whether I have a permit or not; but what is to be done with the fish?"

"I have no care over them."

"But I have. They will be stolen if I leave them here," and to have heard Louis then, one would have said that his only anxiety was lest his wares should be taken from him without payment.

"I had no orders regarding the fish," the corporal said pompously, as if his rank was so high that he could not afford to banter words

with a civilian. "You will fall into line, if it is your desire to avoid rough treatment."

"I will do whatever you say, sir; but I do not want to leave my fish," Louis replied, taking good care, however, to obey the command, and without further ado the corporal marched his men away, the prisoner in their midst.

It came almost in the nature of a relief, this being put under arrest, for now Louis was no longer afraid lest his face should betray the terror in his heart; but he could give full sway to his grief and anxiety, for it would be taken, at least by those who held him in custody at that moment, as evidence that he was deeply concerned regarding his stock in trade.

He had often heard his father tell of the arrest of a spy, and knew full well that every word he might speak would be used later in evidence against him, therefore he continued to bewail his great loss, crying out upon the injustice of thus making him prisoner when he

and his brother had due authority to trade in the town.

He fully believed that he would share the same prison with Guy, and this gave him no little consolation, for once together they two might decide upon the story to be told. Morgan had said that if nothing could be discovered against them, more than what was probably known regarding Guy's movements, they would escape conviction.

He was marched into the center of the town, and in front of a building which had the appear-pearance of once having been used as a ware-house, the squad halted.

The corporal, clutching him firmly by the coat-collar as if believing he was some danger-ous character who would attempt an escape de-spite the odds against him, marched the boy into a certain small room or office of this build-ing, and there he was confronted by a soldier who evidently acted as jailer, and another who

might have been serving in the capacity of clerk.

Here he was called upon to give his name, which he declared to be Louis Barton; his age, place of residence, and such other minor details as would serve for a general description of his person.

This done, and all his answers written down by the clerkly soldier, he was conducted to the interior of the building where were numerous small apartments not unlike stalls in a stable, and into one of these he was thrust.

The wooden door was locked upon him with a jangling of keys that struck dismay to his already overburdened heart, and it seemed as if his cup of sorrow was overrun because, instead of having Guy as a companion, he was alone.

As when one is near death the mind becomes most active, so it was now with Louis, for he understood full well that he and his cousin would be examined separately, and there

seemed to him no possibility they could tell the same story, inasmuch as some of it must be untrue, with nothing definite decided upon between them.

Once they were taken before a court-martial, or questioned by the officers, it would be learned that they had come under false pretences, and this done, they must speedily be adjudged spies.

CHAPTER V.

LOUIS POINDEXTER.

It was fully an hour from the time he was thrust into the cell before Louis Poindexter became sufficiently master of himself to have care or heed as to his surroundings.

His disappointment at learning that he was denied the poor satisfaction of sharing the same cell with Guy caused him most bitter sorrow, and it seemed for a time as if this was the most severe blow that had been dealt.

Even the shadow of the scaffold which literally hung over him was unheeded as he gave way to the desolateness of being thus alone.

After a time, however, came the thought that in this small town there was likely to be but

one guardhouse, or prison, whichever it could be called, therefore it was only reasonable to suppose that Guy was under the same roof with him, and so lonely was he just then that even this fact was in some slight degree comforting.

In a short time Louis began to believe he was playing a cowardly part in thus giving away to useless repining, and his cheeks were reddened with shame because of his own weakness.

"If it was known in the American camp that I have thus behaved like a baby, father would be disgraced," he said to himself, and with the thought of his father came courage.

He would bear himself in a manner befitting the son of Major Poindexter, however heavy his heart, and as this resolution came to him he paced to and fro in the narrow, cell-like apartment, unsconsciously measuring the floor space as he counted each step.

Four paces long and two broad, the cell measured, and in it was no article of furniture

whatsoever. The bare floor and walls, with one small, heavily-barred window, was all that met his gaze.

Even in his wretchedness he realized that he was more favored than those who had been given quarters nearer the center of the building, for they must be deprived even of light, and while clutching at the bars he might raise himself sufficiently high to gain a view of the surrounding houses.

He made an attempt to look out; but the exertion of holding himself in a position necessary to bring his head level with the window was too great, and he abandoned the effort after getting a glimpse of a shed-like roof near at hand.

Then came the thought that he might ascertain the whereabouts of his cousin by shouting, and if Guy was in the building he would be certain to reply.

He was on the point of raising his voice when

there came the fear that by so doing he might subject himself to rough treatment, and he remained silent.

He had not partaken of food since early morning, and now both hunger and thirst assailed him.

He walked back and forth in the circumscribed space with the idea that such exercise might occupy his mind; but the frequent turnings which were necessary in the small apartment caused him to grow dizzy, and he finally threw himself on the floor at one end of the cell, striving in vain to concentrate his thoughts on any subject other than his own condition.

How long he had been there when the door opened he had no means of deciding, for every second seemed like a minute, and an hour was as a day.

By thinking much of his hunger he increased the pangs, and when a rattle of keys in the lock was heard he sprang to his feet like one

famished, thinking only that his jailer had come to bring him food.

A soldier opened the door; in the dimly-lighted, alley-like hall he saw four redcoated men carrying muskets, and half-crazed as he was by his short term of solitary confinement, he believed for the moment that they had come to lead him out to execution.

By a prodigious effort he forced himself to appear calm, and there was no evidence of weakness when the man who had opened the door said gruffly:

"Come out here, you young rebel, and we'll soon know whether you be a spy, or a loutish lad who has no ideas beyond the selling of fish."

"Where am I to go?" Louis asked as he promptly obeyed the order by stepping toward the door.

"Fall in with the squad there, and you'll soon find out."

"There came to the boy's mind the thought that he could not be going to the gallows, otherwise these Britishers, brutal though they were in the treatment of prisoners, would at least have given him an opportunity to prepare for death.

Perhaps he was to make a change of prisoners, and it might be he would soon find himself in Guy's company.

This thought gave him yet greater courage, and he stepped forward promptly, almost cheerily, taking up a position between two of the soldiers.

Then came the command to "march," and he, holding his head as high as his drooping spirits would permit, kept pace with his captors as they passed down the hall, through the outer door, and into the open air once more.

Night was so nearly come that he could barely distinguish surrounding objects because of the gloom, and it was impossible to form

any idea of the direction in which he was being conducted.

During five minutes or more the soldiers marched steadily forward, and Louis believed they were going toward that point where he had been taken into custody.

They halted in front of one of the most pretentious dwellings in the town, before the door of which paced two sentinels, and because of this last fact he knew they were come to the quarters of some officer of high rank in the British army.

Now he understood why he had been brought out from the prison.

It was either that he might be taken before a military court for trial, or be subjected to a private examination.

This last supposition proved to be the correct one.

After waiting outside until the officer who had charge of the squad had entered the house

and come out again, the small prisoner was conducted past the sentinels into an apartment where were five Britishers, all evidently of high rank, seated in lounging attitudes around a dinner table.

It was to be an informal examination, otherwise more ceremony would have been observed.

When the boy was literally pushed forward into the apartment, and his guard closed the door behind him, thus remaining outside, no one appeared conscious of his presence.

The officers were discussing the progress of the siege, and by their conversation he learned, first, that a "parallel" was evidently a military term applied to trenches and embankments thrown up as a protection to the besiegers who advanced against the guns of a fort; that the Americans had pushed forward their second parallel to within two hundred and fifty yards of the British works, and that the besieged

were decidedly anxious concerning this steady progress.

When he had thus remained unheeded five five minutes or more he knew the enemy were thoroughly alarmed, for the officers did not hesitate to say that unless Sir Henry Clinton came soon to their relief, the town would be taken.

This cheering information that the Britishers were already disheartened when the siege was hardly more than begun, caused Louis' spirits to revive wonderfully, and for the moment it seemed to him that his life or Guy's was of but little consequence so that the Americans came off victorious.

Then, when he had been in the room perhaps ten minutes, one of the officers called his companions' attention to the prisoner, as if he but at that moment was aware of the boy's presence.

"So you are the rebel who has come into town in the hope of gaining information?" one

of them asked sternly, glowering at Louis as if to frighten him at the outset.

"We came to sell fish, sir," the boy replied, mentally nerving himself for the examination, which he understood was begun, and resolved under all circumstances to adhere closely to the outline of a story which it had been decided they would tell.

"Who sent you?"

"It cannot rightly be said that we were ordered to come, sir. Money was necessary, because, with both armies marching so near our home, we have been plundered of everything."

"With whom do you live?"

"My mother."

"And your father? He is in the rebel army, I presume?"

During an instant Louis was tempted to make it appear as if his mother was a widow, as Guy had said they would endeavor to give the impression, and then, saying to himself he would

keep as nearly to the truth as possible, replied in the affirmative.

"With which portion of the army is he?"

"I do not know, sir," and yet this boy told the truth in a certain degree, since he could not have said in which division his father was, although as a matter of course he knew the major served as aid to General Lafayette.

"What was your purpose in coming here.

"To sell fish, sir, as I have said before. We craved permission from those on board the fleet, and were told there would likely be no objection to our coming ashore. On attempting to land a soldier stopped us, declaring we must have a permit. This we got, and yet in spite of that have I been taken in charge, forced to leave my fish on the shore unprotected."

"Show me the permit."

"My brother has it, and he left me with the boat while he went into the town with as many fish as he could carry."

Louis was roughly, and, completely stripped of his garments.—Page 105.

"How did you obtain it?"

Louis recounted truthfully all the circumstances connected with their gaining this permission, and when he had concluded the officers spoke in low tones among themselves, after which he who had acted as spokesman asked:

"What was found on you when the soldiers made the search."

"There has been nothing of that kind done, sir."

"Then it is time there was," and tapping on the table with the handle of a knife, the Britisher summoned one of the guards from the hall saying as the latter entered:

"Make thorough search of this lad, and see to it that every article of his clothing receives your attention."

This command was obeyed in anything rather than a gentle fashion. Louis was roughly and completely stripped of his garments, each article of apparel being examined inch by inch as if

it was believed he might have some important document hidden in the seams or under the lining.

As a matter of course, all this was useless labor, for beyond such trinkets as a boy would naturally carry, he was possessed of nothing save the small amount of money received from the sale of his fish.

"Do you know that you are to be hanged as a spy?" the officer asked when the examination was concluded.

"It is not possible you would be so wicked as to do that, sir," Louis cried, striving not to show evidence of alarm. "It has been told that General Cornwallis gave permission to the people hereabout to trade with the army, and seemed desirious they should do so. We came here because of what was no less than his promise."

"Those who visit the town to sell foodstuffs are welcome; but a spy loses his life."

"How can you say that I am a spy?" and now it was as if the knowledge of danger emboldened the boy, for while speaking courteously, his voice was firm, and there was no evidence of fear in his bearing. "I did no more than try to sell my fish, and, until the soldiers took me in charge, did not leave the shore."

"But your brother was making a search in the town for some one."

"Yes, sir, he was hunting for those who would purchase that which we brought."

"He is crafty, like all others of his kidney whatever their age," one of the officers remarked, and in so loud a tone that Louis understood the words were meant for his ears, but he did not reply to them. All his faculties were centered on keeping strictly to the story which he had in mind, and he feared to be led into any conversation which might cause him to vary from his first statement.

"You may save your life by telling us whom

your brother was in search of," the one who was acting as spokesman said. "Refuse to do that and you will be hanged as a spy."

"I have already told you, sir. He desired no more than to find some one who would buy his fish. Can you tell me where he is now?"

"I am the one who is conducting this examination, not you. It is enough when I say that we have him in charge, and he will pay the penalty for entering our lines under false pretenses."

"Before taking a human life, sir, you should be very certain you are warranted in so doing."

"And you presume to give me advice?" the officer cried as if in a rage.

"Being innocent of any wrongdoing, and knowing that my brother is no more guilty than myself, surely I, even though but a lad, may say something in my own defense."

"Put an end to this, Jeffards," one of the party said impatiently. "It is dull work at the best, and you are not called upon to weigh

words with this rebel cub. Hang him, or let him go, whichever seems proper to you, but do not devote so much time to trifles."

"Unless he is disposed to tell us the whole story of his coming here, I think the proper treatment will be to send him to the scaffold in the morning," the spokesman of the party said as he glowered at Louis. "Now is his opportunity, and if he lets it pass we may not be of the same mind by sunrise."

"I can tell you no more, sir, and you have the power to hang two lads who came in response to the invitation given by your general, but it will not aid you either in defending the town, or holding possession of the colonies."

"He speaks pertly, as they all do," another of the company said. "Let him go, Jeffards; he is neither amusing nor entertaining."

During this farce of an examination Louis had been allowed to put on his garments which had been so roughly stripped from him, and

now, when he who had been called Jeffards made a significant gesture to the soldier who yet remained in the apartment, the prisoner was led out into the open air.

Here the squad was awaiting him, and without delay he was reconducted to the wooden cell in the guardhouse.

The boy did not believe that the examination which he had just undergone was one of serious import. It appeared to him that if his life was really in danger—if this man had the power to hang or set him free—they would have conducted the matter with more solemnity, more dignity, and there was in his mind the thought that all this had been done simply for the purpose of frightening him into making a confession.

If now he could but hold a five-minute's conversation with his cousin, it seemed just then as if all would be well with them.

So far as he was concerned, the Britishers had

no evidence whatever that he was a spy; but the situation might be more serious with Guy, and, as a matter of fact, Morgan had intimated as much.

Now all his anxiety was for his cousin rather than himself, and he started up at the slightest sound, hoping to hear the familiar voice which would tell him all was as well as might be with prisoners taken in custody on such a serious charge.

He paced to and fro in the narrow apartment until he was dizzy and exhausted, after which he laid down upon the floor in the hope that slumber might come to his eyelids.

Then it was, when it seemed as if the night was more than half ended, he heard what sounded at first like the scurrying of rats in the walls, but he gave no attention to it until the noise was repeated with somewhat of regularity, and appeared to have come from nearabout the window.

A sudden hope sprang up in his breast. Morgan, the spy, would certainly aid him if it was in his power, and it might be that the Jerseyman was thus signaling to him.

With assistance from the outside this improvised jail was not impregnable, and it did not seem to the boy probable that extremely strict watch was kept over it.

At intervals during the day the heavy guns in the British fortifications had been discharged, and now and then, even while he stood on the beach, Louis heard the rattle of musketry, which told that the Britishers were opposing the advance of the besiegers; but with nightfall had apparently come a cessation of hostilities, until this moment when he laid hold of the bars of the window to raise himself up it was as if every piece of artillery in the camp had been discharged.

The enemy were either making a sortie, or the Americans had approached so closely in the

second parallel that it became suddenly necessary to defend themselves.

While such an uproar continued Louis might have shouted at the full strength of his lungs without being heard by the guard twenty feet away, and as he drew himself up by the aid of the bars, a shower of broken glass struck his face and hands, causing the blood to flow from several tiny wounds.

There was a friend on the outside who, taking advantage of this sudden cannonading, had opened a means of communication.

Louis pulled himself up until he could peer into the gloom, seeing nothing for an instant, and then a flash of burning powder revealed the dark form of a man on the outside of the window.

"Is it you, Morgan?" Louis whispered, and even though he had screamed the words would not have been heard because of the heavy cannonading.

Heeding not the strain upon his arms as they sustained his entire weight, he clung firmly there until the noise of the conflict subsided momentarily, and then came a voice which he believed to be that of the Jerseyman:

"Who is here?"

"Louis Poindexter," the boy replied. "Is it you, Morgan?"

"Ay, and there seems to be a chance I can save the life of one, if not both. Where is your cousin?"

"I do not know."

"Here is a file with which two of these bars can be cut. Employ yourself at such work while I make an effort at ascertaining his whereabouts. There is like to be considerable firing to-night, and it is to our advantage, since I can move around without so much danger of being detected, but if it so be I remain in this town to-morrow morning, then the end is come so far as I am concerned."

"How mean you?"

"I have deserted my post in the hope of aid, ing you, and even though I were not a spy, death is the penalty of such an act."

Then it was that the guns roared yet louder, and all conversation was necessarily at an end for the time being.

Louis felt the sharp edges of the file as the tool was pressed between his fingers, and clutching this, he dropped down to the floor below in order to relieve the strain upon his arms.

Here he remained until the booming of the guns died away, and then raised himself once more as he whispered:

"How may you be able to learn where Guy is confined?"

There was no reply, and he understood that the spy had set about his work without lingering for further conversation which could result in no definite good.

Had his cousin been with him at this moment

Louis would have found it difficult to repress some evidence of his joy and relief, for now did it seem as if escape was not only possible, but very nearly accomplished.

During a few seconds he stood holding the precious file firmly in his hands, rejoicing, and then came the realization that there was work for him to do in order to aid Morgan in the task he had undertaken.

The heavy bars must be so far filed asunder that they could be readily broken by one on the outside, and this might be a long task owing to the fact that, unable to come at them conveniently, he would be forced to work at the iron while standing on tiptoe with both hands stretched as high above his head as possible.

There was a great fear in his heart that the spy might not be able to ascertain where Guy was confined, and he asked himself whether it would not be cowardly if he should take advan-

tage of the opportunity to escape while his cousin remained a prisoner.

"There will be time enough to decide that when it is possible for me to leave this place," he said, half to himself, as if the sound of his own voice was necessary to animate his courage. "It is by no means certain that even with Morgan's help I can escape from here, and the bars yet remain to be cut."

The cannonading was resumed.

The British, alarmed at the progress made by those who worked in the second parallel which was now approaching so near their lines, were making every effort to check the Americans' advance, and the allied armies were not unwilling to reply with an equal number of shot and shell.

Therefore it was that at times the din was almost deafening, for the British guns could not have been above five hundred yards distant from where Louis was confined, and the American

artillery was so near that they appeared to be close at hand.

The prisoner might have battered at the cell door with an ax and yet not alarmed the guard.

He could use the file without intermission until the booming of the guns died away, and such intervals were welcome because they afforded a needed opportunity for rest.

His arm ached from being held so long above his head; his hands were blistered and bleeding as now and then he cut them against the jagged iron; his head was in a whirl, caused by the excitement of the attempt, and there were times when he was absolutely unconscious of what he did.

However confused the boy may have been in mind, there was ever before him the thought that liberty, perhaps life, depended upon his exertions, and he ceased not his efforts, save when the cessation of the cannonading made it absolutely necessary.

Once he fancied there was a sound of footsteps in the hall, and believed the guard, having heard the sharp grating of the file against the bars, was come to learn what he might be about. He wasted several precious moments with his ear at the door listening, even though he could not have heard the tramp of an hundred men, and then he resumed the work with feverish energy.

He lost all idea of the passage of time, and while it was yet evening wondered if the morning might not be close at hand.

Again he said to himself that although he should succeed in cutting the bars it would be impossible to get away, and then hope would reanimate him until he believed it was the same as if he was already free.

In this manner, alternately despairing and filled with confidence, he worked almost unwitting of what he did, until the task was nigh to accomplishment.

CHAPTER VI.

FREEDOM.

THE guns of the besieged and the besiegers continued to roar, now furiously, and again dying away into occasional reports, as Louis remained crouching upon the floor awaiting the coming of Morgan, the spy, and yet saying to himself that the man would not return.

It seemed to the lad, because of the hideous noises of the conflict, that the entire British camp must be in such a turmoil that no man might move around at will, and he forced back the hope which sprang up again and again in his heart, with the argument that it was not possible this Jerseyman could carry out his purpose.

More than once he fancied he heard a voice

at the window, and drew himself up by the weakened bars, but only to be disappointed.

Then he gazed out nervously, fearing each instant to see the gray light of the coming dawn when he knew all hope of escape for this night at least would be at an end, and finally, when he was convinced the spy would not return, some hard substance was flung into the cell at a moment when the guns boomed the loudest.

As he leaped up he fancied he heard, even amid the uproar from the outside, the dull rending as of metal, and when he would have grasped the bars, found that they had been forced apart.

The Jerseyman was not unmindful of his promise, and yet remained at liberty to aid those who were in peril through having acceded to his wishes.

Grasping one of the bars which had not been cut, Louis raised himself up, and as his head

appeared above the ledge he felt himself grasped by the shoulders, pulled violently through the aperture, and then lowered to the ground below.

It was all done so suddenly that he could hardly persuade himself he was outside the prison, even though conscious of being in the open air.

Then his hand was grasped firmly; in silence he was led down what appeared to be a narrow lane, across a garden, through a shed filled with wood, up a ladder, and thence into a loft filled with hay.

Not until he was arrived here did his conductor speak, and then it was to say in a tone of relief:

"That was not badly done, my lad, and if the remainder of the work can be carried out as readily, we shall have taken the first step toward freedom, although by doing so I have shut myself off from gaining further information regarding the doings of the enemy. Per-

Louis felt himself grasped by the shoulders, and pulled violently through the aperture.—Page 122.

haps, however, that may not be of such great importance, for the siege is well-nigh at an end."

"Will the Britishers succeed in driving our men away?" Louis asked.

"Not so, my lad. The American Army has much the best of it, and even though Sir Henry Clinton does arrive with a fleet, it is the opinion of many English soldiers that he can accomplish nothing. Cornwallis is in a trap, and the 'boy,' as he contemptuously spoke of Lafayette, will have done much toward humbling him. It may be as well that I go now, for the enemy is at the end of his resources."

"But Guy? Surely you are not counting on leaving him behind."

"I am going to make one hazardous venture in his behalf, and if it fails, we must acknowledge ourselves beaten, for after daylight comes I can no longer venture to show myself among the redcoats."

"It must be nearly day now."

"Not so, lad, it is hardly midnight, and you are to remain here hidden in the hay while I return to the guardhouse. The people who own this barn are friendly to the cause, and there is no danger to you unless, for some unexpected reason, the Britishers should take it into their heads to search the place."

"Do not think of me," Louis whispered eagerly. "Waste no time here if it so be you may aid Guy, for if but one of us shall be able to return home, it were better he was that one."

"We will take both if possible, and if we fail, I am inclined to believe that his life is not in great danger, since there is no real proof of his having come as a spy, and the Britishers are too near their last gasp to care about provoking reprisals by hanging a child. Are you hungry?"

"It matters not if I am. Think only of Guy,

and although I remain without food forty-eight hours, it will be as nothing compared with his liberty."

"Do not be alarmed if I remain absent a long while. Should the day overtake me before the work is finished, I may have to seek some other hiding-place than this; but if I fail to return within two hours after sunset to-morrow night, then you must shift for yourself, because I shall be past all aid or aiding."

With this not overly-cheerful assurance, the Jersey spy departed, and, burrowing as deeply as was possible in the hay, Louis prayed fervently and earnestly that this faithful soldier, who might be so near an ignominious death, would be permitted to succeed in the work of liberating Guy.

Had Louis known what a desperate and venturesome plan the Jerseyman had in mind, he would have lost all hope, believing the spy must fail in the attempt beyond a peradventure.

Morgan set about it, however, calmly and methodically, as he had done all his work since that day when, under instructions from General Washington and by request of the Marquis de Lafayette, he had apparently deserted and entered the British service.

He who had already won the gratitude of the commander-in-chief, and who might expect as a reward, rapid promotion when he returned to the Continental forces, was now bent on risking his life in the hope of saving a boy whom he had seen but twice before, and taking most desperate chances, for if the scheme failed in any particular, nothing could save him from death on the scaffold.

In all the night's work the one favoring element was this attack by the besiegers, when the British forces were so actively engaged that the absence of one man would escape attention, and while the booming of the heavy guns drowned all other sounds.

Morgan retraced his steps until he was come directly beneath the window from which he had literally pulled Louis Poindexter, and here, after groping around a brief time, he found his musket and accouterments which had been flung aside for the time being lest they should impede his movements.

Once more he was equipped as a British soldier, and now he crept out from behind the building, making a long detour until he was in the main road at some distance away from the entrance to the guardhouse, when he wheeled suddenly about and walked with measured tread toward this improvised prison.

He was halted, as a matter of course, by the sentinel outside, to whom he said hurriedly, as if time pressed:

"Lord Cornwallis would have speech with that spy Captain Bolton took in custody this afternoon, and I am come to fetch him."

There appeared to be nothing unusual in

such a procedure; but yet the sentinel, because of his curiosity, did not allow him to approach the door immediately.

"What is being done?" he asked. "Did the rebels make an attack?"

"No; we have opened fire upon their second parallel, which was approaching dangerously near, as you may know, and I heard it said that a sortie had been determined upon; but it is in my mind that the commander would know the true disposition of the enemy, and counts on forcing one of the spies to give the information."

"Are we doing much execution among the rebels?"

"When last I was at the front, more than an hour since, we held them in check, and they showed signs of abandoning their works; but it must be their courage is returned, judging from the cannonading."

Then, as if his was an errand which admitted of no delay, Morgan brushed almost rudely past

his companion-in-arms, as he beat with the butt of his musket against the door.

Had word already been sent from the front that this American, who claimed to so love the king as to be willing to fight in his behalf, was missing from his post, then would Morgan enter the prison not to leave it again until he was led the scaffold, and this he knew full well; but there was no hesitation on his part.

When the door was opened in response to his rude summons, and the soldier-jailer appeared, he said with the air of one whose mission is most urgent:

"My Lord Cornwallis would have speech with the first of the spies brought in this afternoon, and at once."

"Where is your squad?" the jailer asked, grown suspicious for a moment.

"'If I cannot take a single lad in safety from here to headquarters, it is time I was drummed out of the army. While we at the front have

so much in hand, there is no reason to send half a dozen men when one can do the work."

"What is going on?"

Morgan repeated that which he had told the sentry, and the jailer, eager to learn all he might from this, the first visitor he had seen since sunset, who could give accurate information, insisted upon the Jerseyman's giving all the details regarding the work of the night.

"Sit you down and smoke. I'll warrant you can spend five minutes here without risk of a reprimand."

"The commander is not in good humor this night, and he who lingers is like to be called to a rigid account," Morgan replied; yet, at the same time he accepted the invitation lest he should appear too eager to remove the alleged spy.

Now it was that the curiosity of this jailer threatened disarrangement of all the Jerseyman's plans, for at any moment might come

some of his British comrades who would know that he had not been sent by Lord Cornwallis.

However, it was equally hazardous for him to appear too eager, and one would have said, as he sat in this outer room of the guardhouse smoking, that the king had no more loyal subject.

As a matter of course, Morgan should have had some written authority from the commander to take charge of the prisoner; but because of the evidently fierce engagement which was waging, and the general excitement among all the soldiery, such formality was either lost sight of entirely or waived because of the supposed exigencies of the occasion.

The Jerseyman, having given all the information desired, the greater portion of which was purely imaginary, knocked the ashes from his pipe as he arose with a yawn:

"I am like to spend a few hours in here under your care, if I hasten not my movements;

therefore bring out the young rebel, and let me have done with the task,for I have been on duty since eight o'clock this morning, and am like to be kept in uniform until Lord Cornwallis has satisfied his curiosity."

The jailer made no further attempt to detain his supposed comrade, but at once conducted him to the upper floor of the building where he unlocked the door of a cell similar to that which had been occupied by Louis.

Again was come the time when danger menaced Morgan, for if Guy should incautiously betray any sign of recognition, then might the attempt come to a sudden and disastrous ending.

In addition to this, at any moment word might he brought that one of the prisoners had escaped, and it was possible once such fact was known, the other spy would not be delivered up to a private soldier without he bore written orders from the commander.

In order to guard against carelessness on

Guy's part, Morgan entered the cell in advance of the jailer, keeping his head turned so that the rays of the lantern might not fall upon his face, and immediately seizing the boy by the shoulder, gave him a warning shake, as he said sternly :

"You are to follow me, you young rebel, and if so much as a word escapes your lips from this time until you are before those who have sent me, it will go hard with you. You are not even to speak to me."

"Queer orders those," the jailer said with a laugh.

"Yet they are what I received, and may not have been given without good cause, for if two spies were in town this afternoon, there might be others, and it isn't well a warning should be given them."

It can be fancied that Morgan lost no time in hurrying Guy from the prison, and so firm a clutch did he keep upon the collar of the boy's

coat that it would have been difficult for the prisoner to have made any remark, whether incautious or not.

Out of the building, past the sentinel on the street, and then up through the gloom as if making his way to the front, Morgan led Guy until they were so far from the guardhouse that it appeared safe to indulge in conversation.

"I was afraid you might speak, lad, and betray my purpose, which would have been an exceedingly serious matter for us both," the Jerseyman said in a low tone, and Guy replied with a long-drawn sigh of relief:

"I didn't even know it was you until we passed the sentry on the street."

"I kept my face well hidden, fearing you might betray some acquaintance with me."

"Where is Louis?"

"Safe, and in hiding. We shall join him as soon as may be; but in order to deceive the redcoat at the guardhouse, in case he watched

the direction we took, I am forced to make a long journey around to gain a short distance."

"And you? How have you dared do this thing?"

"It is a question of life or death, and I have risked all on the hazard, abandoning my post, and am like to be shot therefore if the Britishers get their hands on me to-night."

"Can we leave the town, think you?"

"It is too near daylight to hazard the venture. I am counting on keeping in hiding twenty hours, when we will risk the attempt, and if it so be our men make it as hot for the enemy as they seem to be doing now, we are like to slip through without much trouble."

Then in the fewest possible words Morgan explained to Guy how Louis' rescue had been effected, and the boy could not refrain from expressing his admiration of the bravery and daring displayed by this man who, on the rolls of his company in the American troops, was

set down as a deserter and against whom a similar charge would be made in the British lines.

"We won't say overly much of what I have done, lad, until we be out of the woods, for there are many chances against our ever rejoining our comrades."

"Even if we don't, you have shown yourself to be a brave man."

"I am not so certain of that, lad, for since I pretended to be a scoundrel and came over to the redcoats there has been hardly a moment that I haven't felt like the veriest coward, fearing lest the next man who spoke would charge me with being a spy."

"Yet you have continued at your work nobly, and are entitled to all the more praise because you knew well the dangers."

Then Guy asked regarding the cannonading, and for the third time Morgan gave the information, although on this occasion he did not

pretend any very definite knowledge regarding the affair.

"I only know the Britishers have made an attack upon our front, and because of the fact that as yet we have not heard musket firing, I conclude they have thought it best not to make a sortie, as I heard early this evening was to be attempted."

Guy would have inquired as had Louis regarding the probable result of the siege, for it seemed to him as if liberty was already assured; but before the question could be asked there was a sudden change in the situation.

In order to gain that building where Louis was hiding it became necessary, as Morgan had said, to make a long detour directly toward the advanced line, and it was the intention of the spy to turn from the road into a narrow lane leading to the right, by means of which he could pursue a more direct course.

They were yet within a hundred yards of the

turning when it was as if two soldiers came up from out of the very earth, so suddenly did they appear.

There was no time to avoid the meeting, and any attempt at flight would have been certain proof that something was wrong, therefore it was necessary that Morgan should continue to conduct Guy forward as he had begun, with the alleged purpose of taking him before the commander. It seemed as if fortune, which had favored them thus far, suddenly deserted the Jerseyman, for when they were come opposite the soldiers one of them said hurriedly to his companion:

"Here is our man now," and both stepped in front of Morgan.

"How may I be your man?" the spy asked with an assumption of boldness which he could not have felt.

"We are sent by Captain Bolton to put you under arrest."

"On what charge?"

"That of leaving your post without permission."

Once this man should take him into custody, both he and Guy were doomed to death beyond a peradventure, and Louis was yet in almost as much danger as when confined in the jail.

Desperate measures must be taken if this man who had claimed to love the king would save his own life and that of his companions.

He formed a plan so quickly in his own mind that there was no apparent hesitation as he replied:

"How may a man have left his post without permission when he was ordered to headquarters?"

"Why should you have been taken from the front where much work is being done?"

"That I cannot say, but certain it is I have not been idle this night."

"What are you doing with the boy?"

"He is one of the spies taken this afternoon, and I was sent to fetch him to the commander."

"To what end?"

"How may I answer that question? Does Lord Cornwallis confide his purposes to private soldiers?"

The man appeared staggered by the bold stand Morgan had taken, and for an instant it seemed as if the latter might succeed in eluding them by sheer bravado.

They made a motion as if to step aside that he might pass, and then, bethinking himself of the command given by the captain, one said:

"You are well out of what looked like a serious matter, comrade, since the excuse is a good one, and must be received by the captain, at the same time our orders were to conduct you to him, and we must do it."

"Surely you won't attempt to interfere with the commands of Lord Cornwallis?"

"The delay will be but trifling, and since we

have had instructions from Captain Bolton, it is not for us to say what the commander may desire. We must obey."

Morgan was for the moment at a loss to know what might be done, and yet there must be no hesitation.

Thinking he could safely afford to spend some time on reflection, for between them and the most advanced lines was not less than half a mile of distance, he said:

"Very well, comrades. Of course you will bear me out, in case I am like to be disciplined for delaying, that I had no other choice?"

"Captain Bolton will see that you are held harmless after we explain that you made protest against coming with us."

"Then let us lose no time," and Morgan set out like one who is eager to arrive at his enforced destination in order that a mistake may be rectified.

The night was dark; the street apparently

deserted by all save these four, and at the front the cannonading was so heavy that a cry for help could not have been heard many yards away.

Before they had advanced a hundred paces Morgan's mind was made up.

To go on in the custody of these soldiers was certain death, and no worse could follow if he attempted resistance and failed.

During all this time Guy had remained silent, fearing to speak lest he should interfere with some plan the spy had in mind; but his heart was heavy indeed when their flight was thus interrupted, for he could see no possible escape.

It was when matters looked darkest—when death seemed walking side by side with him that he felt a sudden warning grip upon his shoulder, and understood at once that some desperate effort to turn the tables was about to be made.

He could not know what it would be; but

mentally nerved himself for the first move Morgan should make that he might do something toward assisting him, literally holding his breath in suspense until suddenly the Jerseyman struck out with his right fist, dealing a vicious blow on the jaw of the soldier nearest him.

The man fell as an ox falls before the butcher, and at the same instant Morgan seized the musket as it dropped from his nerveless hands.

The second soldier was quick to take the alarm. It was as if the Jerseyman had no more than raised his arm to strike before he leveled his musket full at the breast of the spy, and even as he pressed the trigger, Guy darted under the weapon, forcing it upward.

The report could hardly be heard amid the heavy cannonading, therefore there was no danger this might bring others to the scene; but the man, not daring to hold his own with an empty musket, turned to flee, evidently for the purpose of giving an alarm.

In the darkness there was little chance Morgan could fire with any accuracy of aim, and instead of attempting to bring his man down by such means, he sprang after him, crying to Guy:

"Quick, lad, for your life! Yonder soldier must be captured."

Although the redcoat could not know all the circumstances of the case, he had good proof that Morgan was ready to do him a mischief, and fled in the direction of the guardhouse, straining every muscle in the race as he shouted loudly for help.

Now was the moment when, by turning in the other direction, they might have escaped; but by pursuing such a course a hue and cry would be raised and the town searched within an hour.

Therefore the only safe plan was to capture or kill this soldier who would give the alarm.

Morgan, still carrying the musket, ran no

less swiftly than did the pursued, and Guy contrived to keep close at the spy's heels, so that when the decisive moment should come, if indeed it did before they were arrived at the guardhouse where the chase was at an end, he might be able to second his companion's efforts.

It was a race for life or death, and he who lost lost all.

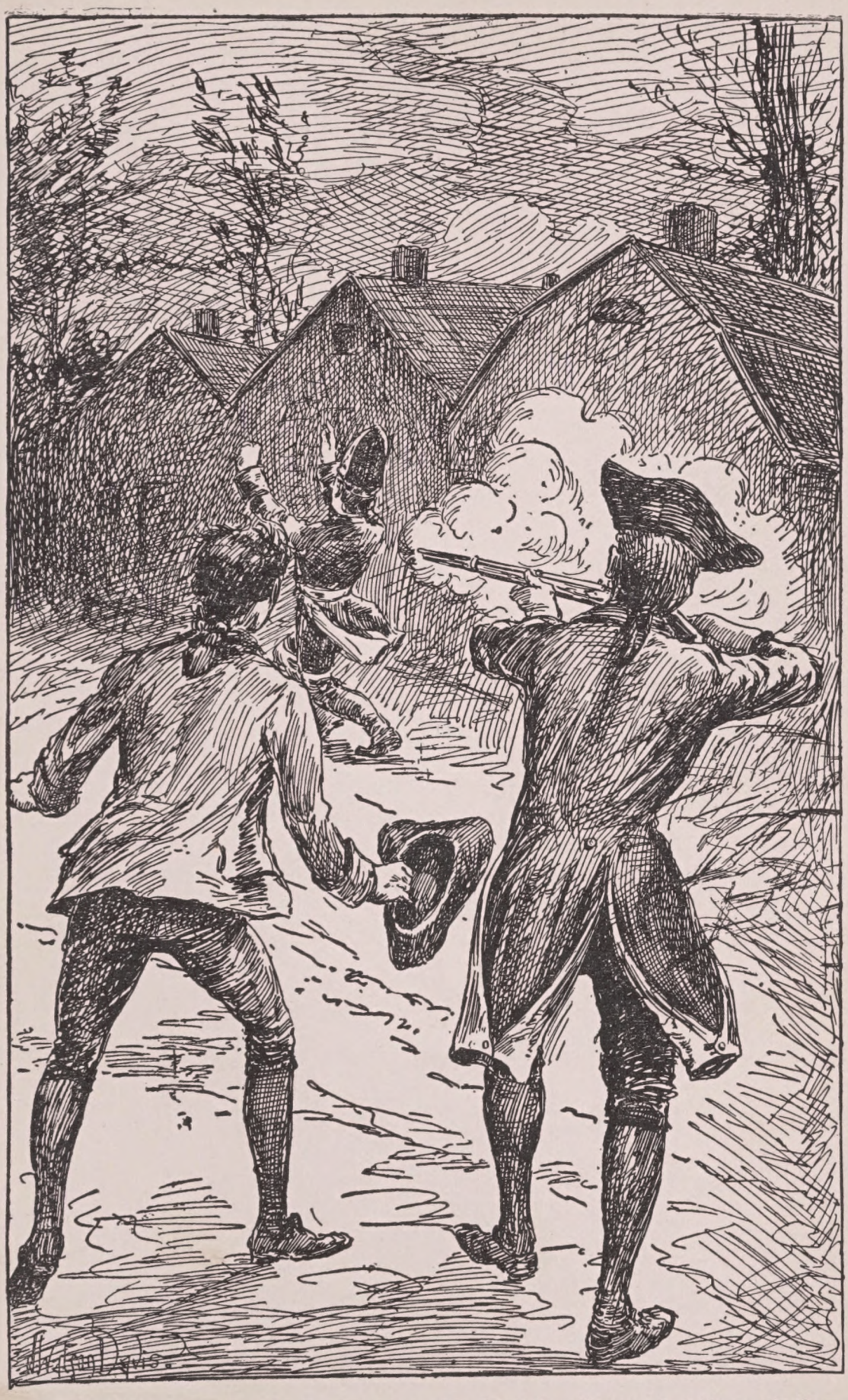
CHAPTER VII.

IN HIDING.

In Guy's mind there was no hope they could win in this mad race, because the soldier was crying so loudly for help that it seemed positive some of the citizens, if not the redcoats, must come to his assistance.

Beside all that, the guardhouse was not so far away but that he might be able to reach it in time, and once he arrived there with sufficient life in him to tell the story, they were undone indeed, even though they succeeded in escaping temporarily.

It would not be possible they could get out of the town once a hue and cry had been raised, and one word from this man would doom them to a shameful death.



Morgan raised his musket, and the soldier fell headlong, shot through the heart.—Page 147.

Suddenly Guy saw the Jerseyman halt, and he gasped for breath, for it appeared to him as if the chase was abandoned; but at almost the same instant Morgan's musket was raised, and amid the heavy cannonading a faint report was heard.

The soldier fell headlong, shot through the heart, and this source of danger was cut off.

Morgan stood silent and motionless as a statue, listening intently while one might have counted twenty, and then, no person appearing to learn the cause of the disturbance, although there were dwellings on either side the street, he swiftly retraced his steps, motioning Guy to follow.

Now the boy thought they would go directly to where his cousin was in hiding; but Morgan had been forced to change his plans, and continued his rapid pace only until he came to where the first soldier lay insensible on the ground.

"What are you about to do?" Guy asked in

surprise, as he noted that the spy was unfastening the belt from the body of the insensible man

"We have got to take a prisoner, more's the pity, for I cannot kill even a redcoat in cold blood."

"But why do you meddle with him? He will come around after a bit."

"That is exactly what troubles me, lad. If I was certain he wouldn't come around, we could keep on without much fear as to the result; but once he recovers consciousness, our work this night is speedily made known."

"Even if he never speaks again, the Britishers will understand by to-morrow morning what has happened."

"True; but the knowledge would not come until after daylight, and then there would be more mystery as to our whereabouts. We must take him with us in order to save our own necks, troublesome though he will likely prove to be."

Guy was seriously disturbed by this proposition to make the soldier a prisoner when they themselves must remain in close hiding, and he believed that such an act would prove their own undoing; but yet forebore from arguing with the Jerseyman because it would savor of impertinence after all that had been done.

Morgan used the soldier's crossbelts to bind his hands, and contrived a serviceable sort of gag by tearing off one of the skirts from the uniform, which he made ready to fasten into place by the broad waist-belt.

In such work no less than three minutes were consumed, much to Guy's anxiety.

"We shall waste our time here until others come," he said impatiently, and Morgan replied in a matter-of-fact tone:

"It cannot be helped, my lad. When a man is working to save his own life, he must do the job thoroughly, lest he comes to grief at the moment when he seems most secure."

"And how may we take care of him, forced to hide as you have said, perhaps through to-morrow?"

"Some way must be provided, for certain it is we cannot leave him behind."

"Then why not try to make our escape to-night? Surely we should be able to get away by water."

"The sentinels in front of the town are stationed no more than twenty yards apart, and we could not hope to pass them. Haste makes waste, you know, lad, and in this case the old adage may read: Haste costs life. If you and your cousin take the responsibility of setting out by yourselves, of course, I have no authority to stop you."

"We would not think of doing such a thing, and particularly after you have put your life in jeopardy to aid us. It is the capture of this soldier which troubles me."

"You need have less fear than if we left him

behind. Take hold with me, and help raise him to his feet."

Even as they lifted the head of the prostrate man, he began to regain consciousness, glancing around him as if in affright, and Morgan said in a low tone:

"You can well understand the cause of this rough handling, comrade. We are fighting for our lives, and shall not hesitate to take yours if you make any outcry. At present we hold you prisoner, and it is only necessary to obey our commands in order to insure decent treatment."

"What do you intend doing with me?" the man asked.

"Giving you an invite to remain with us in hiding perhaps twenty-four hours, and putting this gag into your mouth during such time as we are occupied in going from here to the place selected."

"Then you are what Captain Bolton believes you to be—a spy?"

"It makes little difference how I may stand in the captain's opinion. It is sufficient for you that I have the upper-hand just now. By putting yourself in my place for a moment, you can well understand what I shall be willing to do if you interfere with the plans we have formed."

As he spoke Morgan took up the gag, and the soldier, recognizing the uselessness of resistance while he was nearly helpless, opened his mouth obediently to receive the necessary infliction.

During every second of the time thus spent Guy was in a fever of anxiety lest, under cover of the heavy cannonading which still continued, more of the British soldiery might come upon them unawares.

Fortune favored them on this occasion, however, if she had played such a disagreeable trick a few moments previous.

The prisoner was marched forward with one of his captors on either side, and at a rapid pace

they continued the journey without molestation until they had arrived at the end.

Here the soldier was forced to ascend a ladder to the haymow, and once there Morgan called softly Louis' name.

It can well be understood how quickly the summons was obeyed.

The boy's name had no more than been spoken before the two cousins were in each other's embrace, and for the moment all else was forgotten save the fact that they were escaped from the disgraceful death, thanks to the loyalty of this Jerseyman upon whom they had no claim other than as a countryman.

"You lads may exchange greetings later, when there will be plenty of time," Morgan said grimly. "I have yet to venture out once more, and then will come your opportunity for talking."

"Are you bent on risking your life again?" Louis cried in alarm.

"I must do it in order to save us from much suffering, perhaps, for here we are like to stay twenty-four hours at the least, and both food and drink will be necessary."

"I had rather suffer hunger and thirst twice that length of time than have you take such chances."

"Do not fear for me; I shall return in as good condition as when I set out, for this time I am venturing among those who can be trusted." Then to the soldier the Jerseyman said: "I am not minded, comrade, to leave you so close a prisoner as that you are unable to speak. Give me your word of honor that you will make no outcry, and obey whatever command these lads may give, and your mouth shall be at liberty."

Then, understanding that the soldier could not promise until he had free use of his tongue, Morgan removed the gag as he said with a laugh:

"It shall stay out until you can give me your word, if not longer."

"I should be an idiot to refuse such a pledge when you have me entirely in your power."

"That's exactly the way I look at it; but at the same time it will be necessary for you to promise in plain words."

"On the honor of a soldier I pledge myself to do whatsoever one or the other of you shall demand, and to hold my peace save when I am given permission to speak."

"That is enough," Morgan said in a tone of satisfaction. Now, lads, you must care for this Britisher while I leave you for a short time."

As he spoke the Jerseyman led his prisoner forward, for it was so dark in the loft of this barn that one could not see even the outlines of his nearest neighbor, and when the boys had laid their hands on the man, the latter asked:

"What has become of my comrade?"

"He took to his heels, hoping to reach the

guardhouse, and I was forced in self-defense to shoot him down."

The prisoner made no reply, and a moment later the boys knew from a certain slight rustling that Morgan was descending the ladder.

"So it appears that you two lads, whom we took this afternoon, really are spies?" the soldier said in rather a friendly tone.

"I do not think that term can be applied to us, although we came within your lines from the American army," Guy replied; "but if it is all the same to you we won't go into the details of our business, lest, perchance, the tables may be turned, as they have been once to-night, and we find you bearing witness against us."

The soldier laughed as if he thought there was something amusing in the idea, and then suggested that he be allowed to lie down on the hay, for as yet all three were standing.

"You can guard me as well in that position,

and at the same time all of us will be more comfortable. It is hardly to be supposed that you can fully believe I will not make any attempt at escape, although I assure you that such is the case, therefore you may as well do your work in the easiest fashion."

Bound as he was, the man could not lie down without the assistance of the boys, and once recumbent it would be extremely difficult for him to rise to his feet.

During several moments the three remained silent, and then Guy asked his cousin to tell him how and when he had been made a prisoner.

Louis gave all the details of his arrest and escape, and then insisted that Guy should tell his story.

"I was in the town looking around for Morgan when suddenly, I know not why, an officer seized me by the collar, accusing me of being a spy."

"That was Captain Bolton," the prisoner said, "and if it so be that you're minded to hear, I can tell you exactly where you failed in doing your task properly."

"I should like to know, for, study over the matter as I may, it is impossible for me to see wherein I was indiscreet."

"I heard the captain telling Lieutenant Gray, that instead of trying to sell fish, you were evidently searching for somebody, going here and there where men were congregated, and, suddenly, evidently seeing the one you were eager to meet, played the part so poorly as to forget the fish, leaving them by the roadside, after having declared that your sole purpose in visiting the town was to sell them."

"I've never thought of them until this moment!" Guy exclaimed, "and it is true that after a time I failed to make very great efforts toward finding customers."

"He who enters an enemy's lines carries his

life in his hands, and above all things he should never forget for a single instant that work in which he has professed to be engaged," the soldier said in the tone of one experienced in such matters, and after a brief pause Guy continued his story:

"It seems that this Captain Bolton is the same one who gave us the permit to trade, therefore he knew I had a companion, and I understood from certain words that you were to be arrested, Louis. That is all of the story."

"But surely you were examined by some of the British officers?"

"I saw no one from the time I was lodged in the guardhouse until Morgan seized me by the collar as if to drag me out of the building."

"But how was it possible for him to enter the prison?" Louis asked curiously, and Guy made no reply.

"You need have little fear of talking before me, lad, for I did not take the king's shilling

with the intention of hunting down children, and we all know now that the man who pretended to be a deserter from the American army, got you out of the guardhouse by some trick or device. Most like when daylight comes those who are on duty there will tell the whole story which you now fear to give in my presence."

Guy did not hesitate longer in explaining to his cousin all that had occurred, and the details had no more than been fully given before Morgan returned, bringing with him a jug of water and a bulky parcel of food.

"I reckon we have here what will keep us alive twenty-four hours longer, and we may as well make ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances will permit," he said in a tone of content. "It is not impossible that the redcoats may find us here to-morrow morning; but I am hoping our forces will make it so lively for them that they will have little time to search for escaped prisoners."

"What is going on outside?" the soldier asked.

"I cannot say; the firing seems to have slackened, and I reckon your men have about given over for the night. From Lord Cornwallis down to the poorest private in the ranks, all know this town will be taken sooner or later, and the men must be fighting in a half-hearted fashion, for he who sees defeat before him is not, as a rule, over-courageous."

"I will admit there is a good bit of truth in what you say, and yet we shall give you a hard pull if Sir Henry Clinton arrives in time."

"Of that I am not so certain," Morgan replied. "The French fleet will have some part to play if your vessels arrive here before the town be taken, which I much misdoubt."

Now it was that Guy bethought himself of the fact that they had thus ventured into danger without accomplishing any result, and he exclaimed mournfully:

"We have not been able to send to General Lafayette the information he so much desired."

"True, lad, and he is not like to receive it for another twenty-four hours at the soonest—perhaps never, for we are yet far from having gained our freedom. But there is this much to console us in the matter: It is not particularly important he should know, because the movement amounts to nothing while the allied forces are pressing the Britishers so hotly. It is useless for us to speculate upon that; you have done your best, and failed. Because of such failure my services here have come to an end; we can no longer serve the American cause in the British camp, and it is our duty to save our lives that we may at some future day aid the cause again. Now let us give due attention to this food."

Even though surrounded by so many perils, the boys realized fully that they were hungry,

and the prisoner himself was not loath to join in the meal.

Louis and Guy felt decidedly better in mind once the wants of the body had been attended to, and the future looked less threatening.

They speculated upon the probable length of the siege, and their prisoner took part in the conversation until it was as if the four were old and tried comrades who were thus bivouacked after a fatiguing day in the trenches.

As Morgan and the prisoner discussed the events of the siege, the boys learned more about it than they had ever known before.

These men spoke of the evening of the sixth of October, when, under cover of darkness, the first parallel was begun within six hundred yards of General Cornwallis' works, and Guy was able to tell them that General Lincoln commanded the troops detailed for that service, because so much he had heard while they were in the American camp.

Then the prisoner spoke of the afternoon of the 9th, when the several American redoubts and batteries had been completed, and the cannonading was begun by the besiegers, to continue for nearly eight hours.

Morgan, who on the 10th of October was on duty in the outer works, told of the tremendous effect of the bombardment, when the king's troops were forced to withdraw their cannon from the embrasures, and could fire very few shots in return.

The prisoner claimed to have been, that same evening, acting as sentinel on the water front, and he gave a vivid description of the scene when the French battery on the extreme left began firing red-hot balls at the Guadaloupe and the Charon, driving the former vessel from her moorings, and burning the latter, together with three transports.

This prisoner was of more than average intelligence, and the description which he gave of

the night, when the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and there was not wind enough to wave aside the clouds of smoke from the mouths of the cannon, was intensely interesting and exciting.

Behind him as he stood at his post, so he said, he could see the flashes of fire from the mouths of the cannon, and discern the flight of the balls in the air, some of which, falling into the river, threw up columns of water like unto fountains.

Then came the moment when the Charon, carrying forty-four guns, burst into flames which spread with inconceivable rapidity from yard-arm to main truck until she was seemingly one immense mass of fire, herself causing destruction to the three transports which were moored near by, before their anchors could be raised.

So terrible was the bombardment that after he was released from duty the prisoner did not go to his quarters but remained around the

town watching the effect of the cannonade, which was continued until early morning, when another vessel was burned by the fiery shots.

Morgan told what he knew regarding the night of the 11th, when Guy and Louis had slept in the American camp, for then it was that the besiegers began the second parallel which was now causing the Britishers so much trouble, and being already advanced to within two hundred yards of the fortifications.

"When that is completed Yorktown must be surrendered," the Jerseyman said confidently, and the prisoner replied in a friendly tone:

"You must confess that Lord Cornwallis is an able officer, and before the time which you have mentioned arrives our forces will have made a sortie that must drive you from the trenches."

"It may be that Cornwallis is too good a soldier to make such an attempt. Once he takes from his force a sufficient number to attack us

in the trenches, he has so weakened the town that either the French or the American army can make a successful assault."

These two continued discussing the possibility until the boys, having gained, as they believed, a thorough knowledge of affairs, became so weary that their eyes closed despite all efforts to keep them open.

When they next awakened it was day, as could be told from the dim light which pervaded the barn, and the two men, who may or may not have slept, were still engaged in friendly controversy regarding the right of the colonists to defy the king.

Now that it no longer seemed as if they were in extreme peril, Guy could not but look with interest upon these enemies who were so friendly, and from this hour he had a better opinion than ever before of the Britishers, because of the manly way in which their prisoner bore himself.

Morgan, seeing that the lads were awake, proposed that the party partake of breakfast, and when the meal was ended he said, as if inviting the opinion of their prisoner:

"There is no good reason why I should cause you boys unnecessary alarm, and yet it is well you know all that may come to us. In my opinion now has arrived the time when we are in the greatest danger. By this hour your escape and my desertion is well known, and I am thinking a general search of the town will be made, in which case we stand good chance of being captured and our comrade here released."

"I can only hope you are a good prophet," the prisoner replied with a laugh; "but at the same time I misdoubt it greatly. There must have been hot work last night, and those who were on duty are needing rest, while the remainder must man the fortifications. Were I an officer charged with your safe keeping, I

should set it down as a fact that during the heavy cannonading you escaped. But, what is of more importance to me, it will be believed that I have deserted."

"After the surrender we will see to it that the truth is known," Morgan replied with a laugh, and the Britisher joining in, added:

"Before the surrender of Lord Cornwallis we may all go into Yorktown to see your Washington give up his sword."

"That can never be!" Guy cried hotly, whereat both of the men laughed heartily, for they had had so much of experience in this game of war that it was possible for them to be temporary friends while yet they were enemies.

Not until noon had come, as nearly as they could judge, did Morgan cease to feel anxious regarding their possible fate, fearing lest each moment they would hear that noise which proclaimed the coming of a squad of soldiers to search the building.

By this time, however, he shared the belief of their prisoner, and was grown so content in mind that he proposed to leave them for awhile in order to seek out the friend who had supplied them with food.

To this both Louis and Guy opposed most decided remonstrances, but the Jerseyman was not to be persuaded; he insisted that there was no danger whatsoever in his thus venturing, and, promising to return in less than an hour, descended the ladder.

"Be sure you bring us back all the news of the siege," the prisoner called after him, and he replied cheerily:

"You shall hear so much as I am able to gather, even though it be against the credit of our forces."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ASSAULT.

MORGAN was not absent more than an hour, when he came back bringing a fresh supply of provisions, and with but little news of importance to impart.

A friend in the town, whom he had trusted with his life, so to speak, was the owner of this stable in which they were concealed, and his dwelling so nearly adjoined the building that it was only necessary to traverse a distance of perhaps a hundred yards in order to gain an interview with him, therefore it was that the spy, who might also be claimed by the redcoats as a deserter, had taken no great risk in thus venturing out in search of information and food.

He reported that the townspeople, so far as

could be learned, had not been informed of the escape of the spies or the desertion, and because of the fact that it was evidently not a matter of common conversation among the private soldiers, Morgan argued that, owing to the excitement of the siege which was now approaching its culmination, as the Virginians believed, the British officers had paid comparatively little attention to the affair.

The body of the soldier killed by the Jerseyman in self-defense had been found by the patrol, but thus far no attempt had been made to discover the murderer.

"It is much like this," Morgan said to his comrades, and save for the fact that his hands were bound the Britisher was treated as if he was one of them, "the allied forces are pressing Cornwallis' troops so hotly that there isn't time to hunt after one deserter, or two boys who may or may not have been spies. All these things, including the killing of the soldier, will

be attended to providing my Lord Cornwallis has the time; but just now his work is cut and dried for him, and his hands are full to overflowing."

"When are you to leave here?" Guy asked.

"It may be we shall make the venture to-night."

"May be!" the boy repeated in surprise. "Have you any idea that we might stay over until to-morrow?"

"Yes, a fairly good one, which has been strengthened since I went out. My friend, the Virginian, who, by the way, is a cripple and cannot be forced into either army, is an intelligent man, understanding more than a little of military affairs. Now it so chances, as we all know, that the enemy have two redoubts on the south of the town which are fully three hundred yards in advance of the regular works, and by means of these the redcoats are making it exceedingly uncomfortable for the men in our

trenches. The Virginian believes, and I have great faith in his opinion, that the Americans must within a very short time make an attack on these redoubts, in order that they may continue the work on the second parallel. He advises that when that shall take place will be our time of leaving town, because there must be more or less confusion if a regular assault be made."

"We might wait here a week before anything of the kind happened," Guy said in a tone of dissatisfaction.

"The Virginian sets it forty-eight hours at the longest, with the chances that the work will be begun at any moment from this out."

"It needs not that a man be extremely acute to venture such a prediction," the prisoner said with a laugh. "I know, as a matter of fact, that Lord Cornwallis believed the heavy firing of last evening was begun only as a covering for an attacking party, for certain it is that once

the Americans can carry those two redoubts, their second parallel is extended as far as they will care to push it."

"There you have an able opinion," Morgan said as the soldier ceased speaking. "Here is one of the enemy, and the most decent redcoat I have ever seen, who believes as does the Virginian. He has nothing personally against us, nor we against him, and the sooner we make our escape the quicker he will be at liberty."

"Don't you intend to carry him to the American camp?" Louis asked in surprise.

"It would go against the grain to keep him prisoner when there was no real need of it, lads, and it is in my mind that he be given his liberty as soon as we can do so in safety to ourselves."

The soldier thanked the Jerseyman for his friendly words, and the latter continued:

"Now we may expect fair advice from the prisoner, and I ask him when, in his opinion, we

had best make the attempt to leave the city."

"Were I in your shoes, and you in mine," the soldier began gravely, "I should remain hidden here where you are safe, except some accident shall occur, until such time as the general assault is made, whether that be one day or ten. It is certain the three of you stand little chance of getting through our lines while matters are comparatively quiet, and you would be taking very many risks to make a start now."

"But we should carry certain information into our lines," Guy insisted, and the soldier replied with a smile:

"You should if you could, lad; but even a spy has no right to throw his life away recklessly, and you may set it down as a fact that however important the information, it cannot be delivered unless you are willing to say that at least two out of three shall give up their lives in the effort, and take the chances that the third

may pull through. Now from what I know of affairs in this town, I should say that there was nothing stirring of such moment as to warrant anything of that kind."

"And in that you are right," Morgan said decidedly. "The Virginian, you, and I are of the same opinion, therefore the lads must come around to our way of thinking, or content themselves as best they may while believing we should be on the move."

"I have no mind to set up my opinion against either of yours," Guy said after a brief pause, "therefore we will drop the subject so far as I am concerned."

Louis announced it as his belief that they should accept the Jerseyman as a leader, following implicitly any commands or advice he might give, and thus the matter was settled.

It is probable, however, that all of them looked forward with somewhat of dread to the idea of being forced to remain in hiding per-

haps two or three days, and such a thought must have been in the Jerseyman's mind, for he said with an assumption of cheerfulness:

"If we stay here listening for the sounds which shall tell us the assault has begun, the time will seem doubly long. We must settle down with the idea of making ourselves as comfortable as possible, sleeping all we may, eating as much as will be good for us, and each doing his share toward trying to relieve the monotony. Now as a means of promoting good feeling, we will put our prisoner on his parole, and if he agrees to make no effort to escape, holding to his other promise that we have on his word of honor, then I say let us free his hands."

"I am more than willing to give my parole," the soldier replied, and immediately the bonds were removed from his arms he fell to chafing them, thus showing that he had suffered much pain because of his cramped position, but yet would not make known his discomforts.

Then, perhaps in part payment for this partial freedom, he set about telling stories, for as a member of the British army he had traveled in many countries, and, thanks to his having been a keen observer, the hours of the forenoon passed so rapidly that the boys were surprised when they learned the afternoon had already begun.

It is not well to make any attempt at going into detail regarding all that was said and done during the time spent by the little party in the haymow, for many of the hours dragged wearily, despite their efforts to beguile them.

This day passed without their having heard anything to betoken an assault. The cannonading was continued at intervals all along the line, but not in such volume as told of an engagement.

When night came it was as if both armies rested, and the fugitives and their prisoner slept as soundly as might be expected.

On the morning of the 14th Morgan paid a visit to the Virginian, drawing on him for additional supplies, but learning nothing definite.

He believed, however, so the Jerseyman reported, that the time was very near at hand when some decided action might be expected, and advised that they be in readiness to leave at a moment's notice, supplementing this with a recommendation that should an action begin during the hours of daylight they wait until night had come before attempting to make an escape.

It is hardly necessary to say that the two boys could not wholly put out of their minds the unpleasant thoughts concerning the anxiety of their mothers. They knew beyond a peradventure that both these poor women were in sore distress because their sons returned not, and yet nothing would have given those sons greater pleasure than to have been able to transport themselves to Peyton Hall.

Now Morgan believed the hour had come when they should settle definitely upon the course to be pursued once they left their place of refuge, understanding at the same time, however, that accident might cause such plans to be thrown aside as useless, and in this task the prisoner assisted to the best of his ability.

Should they attempt to make their way out of town toward the south, they would encounter strong fortifications, whereas by going toward the north the way was more nearly open; but at the same time this would bring them within the French lines rather than the American, which might prove a disaster, although not so great as must necessarily be expected by the other course.

Therefore it was after a warm discussion of nearly an hour, during which all took part, it was decided that unless some unforeseen accident occurred at the moment the flight was begun, they should gain the vicinity of the

river bank as soon as practicable, continuing on in that direction, if fortune favored them, until they were halted by the French sentinels.

After this was once arranged it seemed to the boys as if a great step had been taken toward escape, and, despite the Jerseyman's warnings, they listened intently for the noise of conflict during the greater portion of the afternoon.

The sun set; the gloom of night gathered quickly in the loft, when outside they knew it was yet daylight.

Then suddenly, when it seemed as if they were least expecting it, there came the heavy booming of cannon, rapid as if the guns were being hastily served, and now and then during the momentary pauses between the heavy reports was heard that sharp crackle denoting the discharge of musketry.

"The assault has begun!" Morgan cried joyously as he leaped to his feet. "The assault has begun, and our time for flight has arrived!

Not a moment must be lost! Do you carry one of the muskets, Guy, while I take the other."

They had possessed themselves of the weapons formerly carried by the soldier who had been shot, and the one owned by the prisoner, which, together with such ammunition as the latter had about his person, afforded them reasonably fair means of defense.

It was not their purpose however, to fight their way through; but Morgan had determined that once the flight was begun nothing save a greatly superior force should be allowed to check them.

"Am I to go with you?" the prisoner asked, and the Jerseyman hesitated for an instant, after which he said, looking sharply at the boys to learn if they approved of his proposition:

"There is no good reason why you should, if it so be you are willing to remain behind and take the chances of being accused of deserting, providing, however, you pass your word of

honor to say nothing of what has occurred until twelve hours have elapsed. By that time we shall either be safe within the American lines, or confined in the British prison again."

"I am ready to give my word as to the last, and should my statement be disbelieved regarding what has happened, it will most likely be possible to communicate with your officers."

"Some one on General Lafayette's staff will be able to verify the story that we made you captive," Morgan replied, and both Guy and Louis signified their willingness that such bargain should be made, for the presence of the prisoner in case of a struggle might be exceedingly disagreeable.

"We may meet again when there shall be no question of enmity between us," the Britisher said, clasping each by the hand in turn, and had a stranger witnessed the parting he would have said it was an old and a tried friend who was thus taking his leave.

"Stay where you are half an hour longer, and then go wherever you will," Morgan cried as he begun the descent of the ladder, followed closely by the two boys, whose hearts were beating violently with excitement caused by the thought that now was come the moment when they would save their lives by winning liberty, or meet death.

At the entrance to the stable they were met by the Virginian who, understanding that the time for their flight had arrived, was come to bid them Godspeed.

"I heard a soldier who passed near the house evidently carrying a message, say that both the outer redoubts nearest the water were being assaulted," he said. "It will render your escape more dangerous, since you will necessarily be exposed to the fire of friends as well as enemies.

"We would take the chances even though forced to cross a battlefield," Morgan said emphatically, and then made as if to pass on,

but that the Virginian asked concerning the British soldier.

The Jerseyman explained what arrangements had been made, and then was begun that flight, during which until they were well within the lines of the besiegers, no aid could be expected from friends.

It was not yet so dark but that they could see the troops being sent at double quick in this direction or that, and yet Morgan led the way out directly among the enemy, saying, when Guy remonstrated with him, that they were needlessly exposing themselves.

"At such a time as this, when the Britishers are so hotly pressed, I am thinking that even though we met Captain Bolton face to face he would hardly spend five minutes in an effort to capture us. We can save much distance, which means many moments, by going in the same direction with these troops, who are hurrying northward, and it is well worth the venture."

Then it was that, greatly to their amazement, the boys found themselves moving on unchecked in the midst of their enemies, and thus also did it happen that they were able to pass the sentinels, who, under other circumstances, would have brought them to a halt until they might give a reasonable account of their purpose.

In less than ten minutes, thanks to having taken this direct course, they were arrived in the rear of the most northerly redoubt, which was being assaulted, and around them was falling American lead which had overshot its mark, while the English bullets, as a matter of course, were being sent in the opposite direction.

It was an old circumstance that the first danger which they encountered was from friends; but the Jerseyman appeared to consider this a good omen, for he said cheerily as he ran swiftly forward, heading directly toward the river bank in order to make a detour.

"After having been so near death at the

hands of the Britishers, we need have no fear of Continental shot.

By the time they were between the redoubts and the river, and no more than five minutes had sufficed to bring them to this point, it was possible to gain a very good idea of what was being done.

The French troops were making an assault and meeting with such resistance that the tide of battle seemed likely to turn against them.

Across the town from the southward was another action, and Morgan said hurriedly as he surveyed the situation with the purpose of finding where he might be of the most service:

"It stands to reason, lads, that the Continentals are charging on one redoubt, and the Frenchmen on the other. It is unfortunate for us that we cannot be among those who speak our language; but these here are our allies, and we must bear a hand in the scrimmage, for they are surely getting the worst of it."

"Are we to take part in a battle?" Louis cried in something like alarm.

"Stay here, you two lads, if it so be you prefer. As for me, I must bear a hand whether it be under the lilies of France or the Continental flag."

Then without waiting to learn their decision, the spy, throwing off his red coat that he might not be mistaken for one of the Britishers, ran forward at full speed, and while Guy and Louis yet stood deliberating as to what should be done, they saw him join the ranks of the assaulting party, after which he was swallowed up by the smoke.

"It would be cowardly to remain here idle while that which may decide the fate of the town is being done," Guy said half to himself, and Louis, swallowing back what was much like a sob, said tremulously:

"I believe I know what my father would advise were he here, and I also am certain how

mother would view the matter; but I would be ashamed to go into the American camp and say we two had stood idly by while we saw our allies fighting against a superior force."

"Meaning that you believe we should go in?"

"It is little I can do, because of having no musket; but yonder fight is so hot that I shall be able to find one speedily, although I am exceeding timorous, Guy. Now has come the time when we may prove that we are entitled to the privilege of enlisting, even though we be but lads."

As he said this, and fearing his courage might desert him, Louis ran forward swiftly in the same direction as that taken by the Jerseyman, Guy following close at his heels, and it was to the boys as if they had no more than started before they were in the midst of all the horrors which may be witnessed in an assault where those who attack must fling themselves against the fortifications of the enemy.

Hardly aware of what they did, the two lads joined the nearest line of soldiers, falling in on the left, and seeing them, the men shouted loudly in admiration for their courage, when, as Guy afterward said, they were so terribly frightened that it would have been impossible to have loaded a musket, until after the first shock was over.

Side by side with these veterans the little lads marched steadily and bravely straight up the redoubt, from which came a perfect rain of lead, and holding their own in the line, even though they could do no execution against the foe.

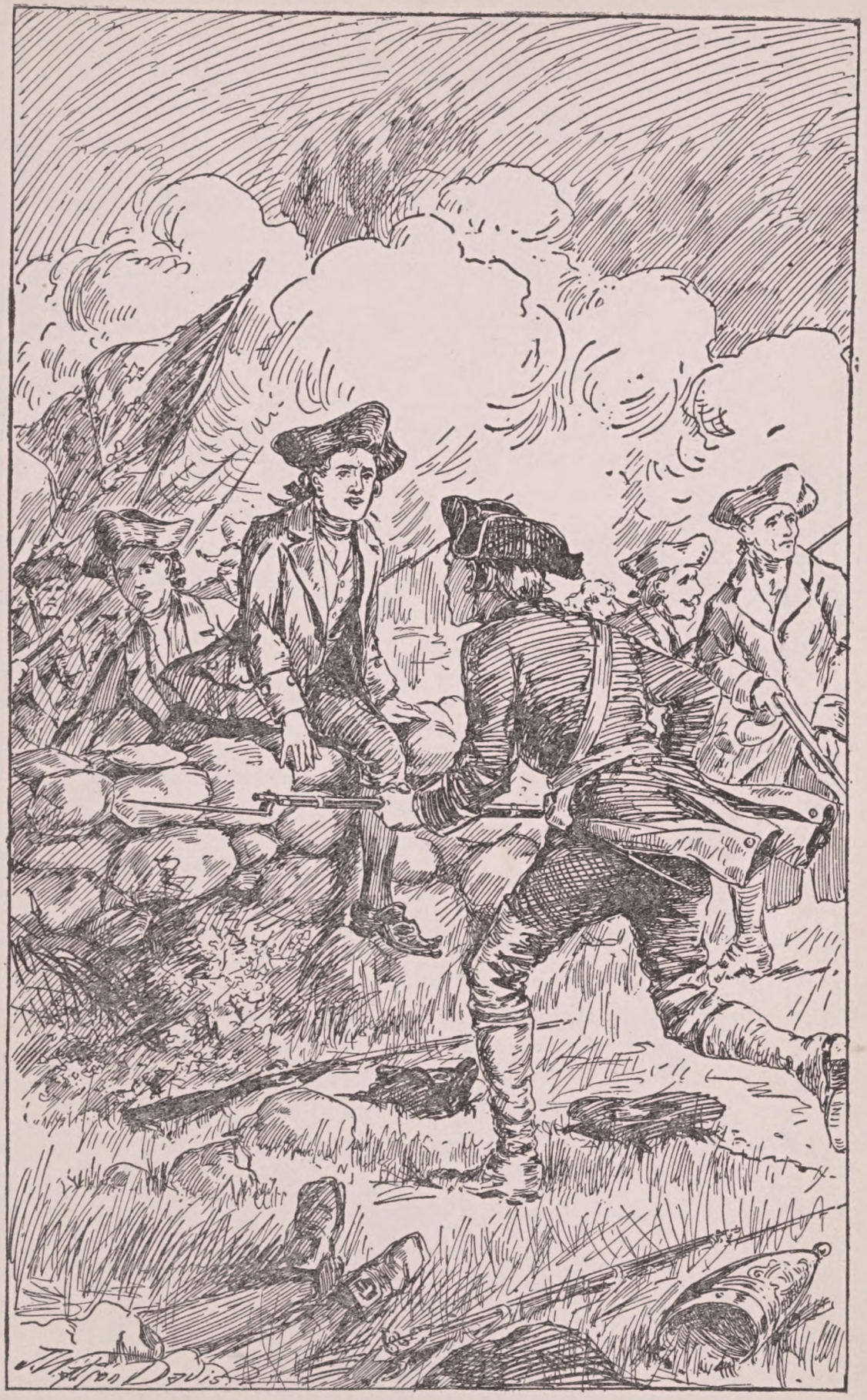
An officer seeing them, came up and patted each on the head, as though they were mere babies, speaking some words in French which they could not understand, and had hardly concluded before they saw him fall forward on his face, the blood gushing from a wicked-looking wound in his throat.

This was their baptism of fire, and, as both

confessed afterward, from the moment the gallant officer fell it was as if they were unconscious of the part they played.

On the following day Major Poindexter heard this story from Count De Lameth, a French adjutant-general who was wounded during the action:

"The two children, with faces white as death, marched side by side with the grizzled veterans, one carrying a musket, and the other empty-handed, up against the redoubt, wavering not even when our grenadiers recoiled; still on, until before I fell they were leading the company by no less than five paces, and then it was that the firm bearing and heroism which these two children displayed caused our men to hurl themselves upon the redoubt the second time, despite the terrific loss they had suffered. I saw them once again after I was wounded, when the smoke lifted, and then, still steadily onward, wavering not, they followed Count



While the boys were scaling the wall, they were confronted by a powder-begrimed figure.—Page 193.

Dumas' corps, stopping here to give a wounded man a drink from his own canteen, or there to pull aside one who was dying, that his soul might depart in peace."

Guy remembers that while they were scaling the wall, now scrambling over a dead man, and again being forced back by one who was stricken down, they were confronted by a powder-begrimed figure, who came toward them with both hands outstretched as he cried:

"If I ever thought you lacked pluck, I'm ashamed of myself at this moment! It is such lads as you who will give George the Third the lesson he needs. Hurrah, boys! Come on, and let us say that we were among the first Frenchmen who entered the redoubt!"

It was the Jerseyman who thus praised them, and as they halted there for an instant in the din of the fight, Louis said, speaking with difficulty because of that swelling in his throat which he could not keep down:

"If we could do something! Guy and I are only following the men, without doing anything toward helping win the fight."

"Bless your heart, lad, you have done more than any twenty of the oldest soldiers here, for when we were getting it so hot back there a moment ago, it was your keeping on as you did, when it seemed every second as if you would surely be killed, that held the Frenchmen up to their work. Do anything, lads! If we take this redoubt to-night, you have had ten times more than your share in it!"

"But I haven't even so much as a musket!" Louis cried, and he had hardly spoken before Morgan, taking one from the lifeless hand of a soldier of France, gave it to him.

"It is loaded, lad. The poor fellow who last carried it was sent out of the world before he had time to pull the trigger. There is one charge left, and I doubt not but that you will make good use of it."

At that moment Count Dumas, standing on the very edge of the redoubt, called to those who were yet struggling up the steep to follow him for the honor of France, and the Jersey spy with his two small comrades so lately escaped from death on the gallows, accepted the invitation as heartily as did any grenadier in the ranks.

CHAPTER IX.

SURRENDER.

It was not until after the British had surrendered the redoubt that Guy and Louis awoke to a full realization of the dangers to which they had been exposed, and then they were in comparative safety.

When the order to "cease firing" came, because the British lieutenant-colonel who commanded the redoubt had surrendered, evidences of a desperate conflict were everywhere around, and these two lads who had gained their first experience in military affairs on such a hotly contested field, were faint and sick because of the horrible sights on every hand.

They were crouching near one of the heavy guns when Morgan, who had left them for a

brief time, returned with full information as to what had occurred immediately around them.

"You are looking like sick chickens, lads," he said cheerily. "It is not at all as it should be, considering what you two have done this night."

"Perhaps we are feeling very much as we look," Guy replied faintly. "I knew but little of the whole affair until this minute, when I see so much around me that is terrible."

"All the aspects of war are terrible," Morgan said with a long indrawing of the breath as his mind went back to the many perils he had encountered in behalf of the cause. "All are terrible, and this not the worst by any manner of means. It has been a sharp contest, and well fought. It is said this redoubt was garrisoned by one hundred and twenty men under the command of a lieutenant-colonel; that eighteen of the garrison were killed, and forty-two taken prisoners, while the balance are more or less seriously wounded. As nearly as I can make

out, for you know I am not great on talking French, our friends have lost in killed and wounded about one hundred. So you see, lads, your first action was not a mean one, and when men tell of the siege of Yorktown they can never fail to speak of what we shared in this night."

"I am not looking so far in the future as that," Louis said with an apology for a smile; "nor do the details of the fight interest me very much just at this moment, for my only anxiety is to get back to my father."

"You are the same as back now, lad; since this redoubt has been taken we are already in the Continental lines, and have only to walk a matter of three miles, where are none to molest us, when we shall have arrived at Lafayette's headquarters."

"We shall surely meet those who will bring us to a halt until we explain our purpose."

"That is a matter which can easily be ar-

ranged, and when you lads are ready to set out we will begin the journey."

"It is to my mind that we go to General Lafayette's headquarters as soon as may be, for I am eager to have speech with my father once more," Louis said promptly, and Guy had no desire to linger amid that scene of carnage.

It was necessary, however, in order to prevent delays, that Morgan should get something in the way of a pass from the French commander, who was Baron de Viomenil, and no little time was consumed in effecting this purpose, because it was essential that he should clearly prove himself to have been a member of the Continental Army sent on secret service, and this was not readily done at the time.

The baron's first thought was of detaining him and the boys as prisoners until morning, that the truth of their story could be ascertained; but when Morgan represented why the lads were eager to arrive at Lafayette's head-

quarters, and gave a detailed account of the perils through which they had passed, the baron, understanding well why they would make haste, gave the written permission.

It was near to nine o'clock in the evening when they set out, and now that they were virtually safe, a fever of anxiety consumed the boys lest in their absence some accident, such as one may always look for in time of war, had overtaken their loved ones.

To divert their minds from unpleasant thoughts Morgan began discussing the events of the night without arousing them overmuch, until he made the statement that the capture of the redoubts, for it was believed the Americans had been successful in their assault upon the southernmost works, had the same as brought the siege to an end.

"How may that be?" Guy asked, thinking their companion was exaggerating the truth in order to entertain them. "The assaults were

not made on the regular works, and the British still hold possession of the main fortifications."

"That is true, lad, but you must understand that these same unimportant works, as you call them, which we have taken this night, were in such location as greatly hindered our advancing the second parallel, and the capture of them has made it possible for us to move forward our trenches so far as we may desire. Once that has been done the town must be surrendered."

"Then it is to your mind that Yorktown is the same as taken?" Louis said.

"Ay, lad, the Britishers can hold out but little longer, and we shall have arrived in time to explain why the small boats were massed in front of the town, for now I believe Cornwallis will make an attempt at escape rather than be forced into surrendering."

It was seen, as the three who had thus escaped death in many forms advanced along the lines, that these assaults were by no means the only

work contemplated to be done on this night. Men were hurrying forward from every quarter, and the Jerseyman explained such activity by saying that the work in the trenches would be pushed ahead with the greatest possible celerity, in order that the captured redoubts might be included in the parallel, after which the town would be so closely invested that the allied armies could mow down the enemy at will.

When they were finally arrived at Lafayette's headquarters Morgan's first duty, as a matter of course, was to report without delay to the general; but he advised the boys as to how Major Poindexter might soonest be found, and in a comparatively short time Louis was clasped in his father's arms, while both the lads attempted to tell the story of their adventures, but in vain, because of the emotion that overpowered them.

Happily Colonel Peyton was near at hand, and the major sent a messenger for him that he

might the sooner hear the good news, for both these fathers had mourned their sons as dead, since they made a delay in Yorktown of more than twenty-four hours.

One of the slaves from Peyton Hall was remaining in the lines in the hope of being able to take back to his mistress some cheering news, and him the major dispatched in hot haste to report the arrival of the lads, with the promise that as soon as might be expedient they should be sent home.

It was not until Colonel Peyton had arrived that the boys were able to tell a connected story of the dangers they had encountered in the town, and before this was come to an end Morgan entered the major's tent with the word that General Lafayette would speak with the young messengers.

Again were the lads admitted to the tent of the "boys," whom Cornwallis had boasted he was able to whip so readily, and when they

stood before the general and a goodly portion of his staff, the marquis said with a kindly smile:

"I understand that you children have been covering yourselves with glory."

"It would be difficult for us to explain how," Guy replied with a laugh. "Our journey was only distinguished by the bungling manner in which I did the work."

"And was it a bungling piece of business when you led the French grenadiers on to the assault at the northern redoubt?" the young general asked with a smile, and Colonel Peyton and Major Poindexter looked about them in surprise.

"We did no more, sir, than to go with the troops, and the works had been nearly captured when we arrived."

"I have here word from Baron de Viomenil, who requests that I thank you in his name for the manner in which you encouraged even such

veterans as the grenadiers. It is set down in his own handwriting that much of the success in this night's assault was due to your bravery. It is true, major," he added, noting the look of bewilderment on the face of Louis' father, and handing him the paper from which he had been reading. "In addition to all that, Morgan reports that you acted like men in the time of danger; that the threats of the enemy could not force you to divulge any secrets regarding our troops."

Both the lads were now blushing furiously under this praise, and as the general ceased speaking Guy replied modestly:

"We could not have betrayed that of which we were ignorant, sir, even though we had been so disposed."

"You might have been frightened into admitting that you were sent from this camp in quest of information."

"Such admission would have condemned us as

spies. We thank you, my cousin and I, for your kindly words; but we fear they are not deserved."

"It is to my mind that the baron has not made a mistake, and I am quite certain Morgan knows what was your behavior in the town. Therefore I shall differ with you as to your deserts, and make this promise, conditional upon its being ratified by the commander-in-chief. When you shall have received the permission of your fathers to enlist, and do so in my command, it shall be my pleasing care to see that you are advanced as rapidly in rank as may be consistent. I thank you both, and when, as now seems probable, my Lord Cornwallis is forced to surrender, you shall ride with me in the capacity of volunteer aids.

This was a favor which the young marquis had granted but once before since he had been in the American service, and although the boys

upon them, their fathers fully appreciated it. Then the general, intimating by a bow that the interview was at an end, the boys left the tent accompanied by Colonel Peyton and Major Poindexter, the four looking honestly proud.

The Jerseyman remained behind, and from what he had contrived to whisper to Guy, the latter understood that he was to make on that same night a detailed report of all his work in Yorktown; therefore the boys could hardly hope to see him again until morning.

"Yes, your mothers have been in sore distress concerning you," Major Poindexter said in reply to Louis' question when they were in his quarters once more; "but now we may reasonably believe that old Jacob will arrive at Peyton Hall before morning, when their anxieties will be at an end."

Now it was that the boys were called upon to tell the story of the part they had taken in

ment to themselves that they were forced to admit how inconsiderable a part of the evening's work they were familiar with.

It was as if neither of them were there until the redoubt was taken, and Guy despairing of being able to tell a satisfactory story after all the praise bestowed upon them, said laughingly:

"We have been given the credit for that which we did not really do. Arriving just at the moment the advance was made, it seemed but natural, after Morgan had done so, to fall in line, and it is more like a dreadful dream than a reality when I try to recall anything which was done."

"Yet you have earned the name of heroes," Colonel Peyton said proudly, and Guy added:

"Perhaps it would be more nearly true, sir, to say that we have received the name, though I still maintain that we earned nothing on this night."

"Be that as it may," his father replied with a laugh. "I am well content even with your version, which suits me better than if you were disposed to take more credit than is your right, and now as to the future, young sirs: it would not be a difficult matter to set out after daylight and arrive at Peyton Hall in time for the noon-day meal."

"Are we to go back, sir?" Guy cried in a tone of disappointment. "After General Lafayette has promised that we shall ride with him as aids at the surrender of the town, may we go away?"

"The town has not yet surrendered, and your mothers are expecting to see you at the Hall. What would you do if you had your own will?"

"Enlist, sir. Has not General Lafayette promised that we should rise in rank as rapidly as was consistent?"

"Yes, but that is no token that the major and

I will permit a couple of children to put on the uniforms of soldiers."

"Yet you as much as said, uncle, that we had earned the right," Louis cried. "Surely we have had a harder experience, since leaving home, than the men under your command, for how many are there who have been arrested as spies, escaped from the Britishers, and wound up by aiding in a successful assault—for you say that we did aid in that, and the French commander has even gone so far as to ask that General Lafayette thank us in his name."

"I am afraid you are getting the better of us, you boys, and perhaps after this campaign is over you may be allowed your will in the matter of enlisting," the colonel replied with a laugh. "It would be unfair to send you home now, for your mothers will have no exceeding anxiety, knowing you are with us, therefore you may remain and quarter yourselves on the

Louis' father believed it best they should remain with him because of the favor they had already gained with General Lafayette; but he, as well as Colonel Peyton, insisted that the boys give their entire attention to sleep until sunrise, for it was probable the following day would be one of excitement.

It is the purpose of this story to relate only such portion of the boys' adventures as the Jersey spy was directly concerned in, therefore it should come to an end here, for all which Morgan did, not only during the siege of Yorktown, but afterward, to aid the Continental cause, could not be told in a book of twice the number of pages contained in this.

However, it may be of interest, even though this tale is not concerned chiefly with Guy and Louis, to tell of the honor which the young French marquis bestowed upon them.

When they awakened on the following day,

captured redoubts had been merged into the second parallel, and at five o'clock on that afternoon the Americans opened fire once more upon the British works.

Guy and Louis were not allowed to take part in this action; but they remained within half a mile of the front where the bombardment could be witnessed, and insisted on keeping their eyes open until midnight, for it was momentarily expected that the enemy would make a sortie.

They retired just in time to miss this portion of the siege, which they most desired to see.

It was not until four o'clock in the morning that Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, of the British forces, made a sortie against the almost completed batteries guarded by the French troops; he was successful, but an hour later was repulsed and driven back.

On this day, the 16th of October, while the two lads were loitering about near Major

Poindexter's quarters, a messenger came from General Lafayette with orders that they report to that officer immediately.

"Now we shall hear good news," Guy said, confidently. "The marquis has not forgotten his promise, and I venture to say you and I will see more of the siege than our fathers intended we should."

In this Guy was not mistaken, for when they presented themselves at headquarters the young general said with his kindly smile, which ever won the hearts of those on whom it was bestowed:

"It is in my mind that the time for the capitulation of the city is near at hand, and in order that you may receive due reward for the dangerous work so well performed, I propose that you accompany my staff from this on. Horses will be provided, and you shall mess with Major Poindexter, as has already been arranged."

Thus it was, and no greater reward could have been bestowed upon them, that the boys saw the ending of this wonderfully successful campaign, which may be said to have won for the colonies their independence.

During the afternoon of the 16th and the forenoon of the 17th Guy and Louis, proud of the unusual distinction bestowed upon them, accompanied the young general as he rode up and down the American lines, and were among the first to see a flag of truce which came out from the town at about ten o'clock in the forenoon.

General Cornwallis had requested that hostilities be suspended for twenty-four hours, and this, as Major Poindexter explained to the boys, was much the same as saying he was ready to surrender.

It was on the afternoon of the 18th of October that the French and American armies were drawn up in line to receive the capitula-

tion of the city, which is described by Lossing, the historian, in words well worthy of being repeated:

"The ceremony was exceedingly imposing. The American army was drawn up on the right side of the road leading from Yorktown to Hampton, and the French army on the left. Their lines extended more than a mile in length. Washington, upon his white charger, was at the head of the American column, and Rochambeau, upon a powerful bay horse, was at the head of the French column. A vast concourse of people, equal in number, according to eye-witnesses, to the military, was also assembled from the surrounding country to participate in the joy of the event. Universal silence prevailed as the vanquished troops slowly marched out of their intrenchments, with their colors cased and their drums beating a British tune, and passed between the columns of the combined armies. All were eager to look upon

Cornwallis, the terror of the south, in the hour of his adversity. They were disappointed; he had given up to vexation and despair, and, feigning illness, he sent General O'Hara with his sword, to lead the vanquished army to the field of humiliation. Having arrived at the head of the line, General O'Hara advanced toward Washington, and, taking off his hat, apologized for the absence of Earl Cornwallis. The commander-in chief pointed him to General Lincoln for direction. It must have been a proud moment for Lincoln, for only a year before he was obliged to make a humiliating surrender of his army to British conquerors at Charleston. Lincoln conducted the royal troops to the field selected for laying down their arms, and there General O'Hara delivered to him the sword of Cornwallis. Lincoln received it, and then politely handed it back to O'Hara, to be returned to the earl.

"The delivery of the colors of the several

regiments, twenty-eight in number, was next performed. For this purpose, twenty-eight British captains, each bearing a flag in a case, were drawn up in line. Opposite to them, at a distance of six paces, twenty-eight American sergeants were placed in line to receive the colors.

Ensign Wilson of Clinton's brigade, the youngest commissioned officer in the army (being then only eighteen years of age), was appointed by Colonel Hamilton, the officer of the day, to conduct this interesting ceremony. When Wilson gave the order for the British captains to advance two paces, to deliver up their colors, and the American sergeants to advance two paces to receive them, the former hesitated, and gave as a reason that they were unwilling to surrender their flags to non-commissioned officers. Hamilton, who was at a distance, observed this hesitation, and rode up to inquire the cause. On being informed, he willingly spared the feel-

ings of the British captains, and ordered Ensign Wilson to receive them himself, and hand them to the American sergeants.

"When the colors were surrendered, the whole army laid down their arms. It was an exceedingly humiliating task for the captives, for they had been for months enjoying victories under their able commander, and had learned to look upon the rebels with profound contempt. After grounding their arms and laying off their accouterments, they were conducted back to their lines, and guarded by a sufficient force until they commenced their march for permanent quarters in the interior of Virginia and Maryland.

"The loss of the British on this occasion was one hundred and fifty-six killed, three hundred and twenty-six wounded, and seventy missing. The whole number surrendered by capitulation was a little more than seven thousand, according to the most reliable authorities, making the

total loss between seventy-five and seventy-eight hundred. The combined army employed in the siege consisted of about seven thousand regular troops, more than five thousand French, and four thousand militia; a total of over sixteen thousand men. Their loss during the siege, of killed and wounded, was only about three hundred. The artillery and military stores and provisions surrendered were very considerable. There were seventy-five brass, and one hundred and sixty iron cannons; seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-four muskets; twenty-eight regimental standards (ten of them English and eighteen German); a large quantity of cannon and musket-balls, bombs, carriages, etc., etc. The military chest contained nearly eleven thousand dollars in specie."

On the following morning Guy and Louis returned to Peyton Hall, there to remain, as Colonel Peyton said to General Lafayette, until they should enlist under his command, and re-

garding what they did when they were truly soldiers in the Continental Army, as well as when and where they met Morgan again, shall be told at some later day.

THE END.

A. L. BURT'S PUBLICATIONS

For Young People

BY POPULAR WRITERS,

97-99-101 Reade Street, New York.

Bonnie Prince Charlie: A Tale of Fontenoy and Culloden. By G. A. HENTY. With 12 full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The adventures of the son of a Scotch officer in French service. The boy, brought up by a Glasgow bailie, is arrested for aiding a Jacobite agent, escapes, is wrecked on the French coast, reaches Paris, and serves with the French army at Dettingen. He kills his father's foe in a duel, and escaping to the coast, shares the adventures of Prince Charlie, but finally settles happily in Scotland.

"Ronald, the hero, is very like the hero of 'Quentin Durward.' The lad's journey across France, and his hairbreadth escapes, make up as good a narrative of the kind as we have ever read. For freshness of treatment and variety of incident Mr. Henty has surpassed himself."—*Spectator.*

With Clive in India; or, the Beginnings of an Empire. By G. A. HENTY. With 12 full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The period between the landing of Clive as a young writer in India and the close of his career was critical and eventful in the extreme. At its commencement the English were traders existing on sufferance of the native princes. At its close they were masters of Bengal and of the greater part of Southern India. The author has given a full and accurate account of the events of that stirring time, and battles and sieges follow each other in rapid succession, while he combines with his narrative a tale of daring and adventure, which gives a lifelike interest to the volume.

"He has taken a period of Indian history of the most vital importance, and he has embroidered on the historical facts a story which of itself is deeply interesting. Young people assuredly will be delighted with the volume."—*Scotsman.*

The Lion of the North: A Tale of Gustavus Adolphus and the Wars of Religion. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by JOHN SCHÖNBERG. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story Mr. Henty gives the history of the first part of the Thirty Years' War. The issue had its importance, which has extended to the present day, as it established religious freedom in Germany. The army of the chivalrous king of Sweden was largely composed of Scotchmen, and among these was the hero of the story.

"The tale is a clever and instructive piece of history, and as boys may be trusted to read it conscientiously, they can hardly fail to be profited."—*Times.*

The Dragon and the Raven; or, The Days of King Alfred. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by C. J. STANILAND, R.I. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story the author gives an account of the fierce struggle between Saxon and Dane for supremacy in England, and presents a vivid picture of the misery and ruin to which the country was reduced by the ravages of the sea-wolves. The hero, a young Saxon thane, takes part in all the battles fought by King Alfred. He is driven from his home, takes to the sea and resists the Danes on their own element, and being pursued by them up the Seine, is present at the long and desperate siege of Paris.

"Treated in a manner most attractive to the boyish reader."—*Athenæum.*

The Young Carthaginian: A Story of the Times of Hannibal. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by C. J. STANILAND, R.I. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Boys reading the history of the Punic Wars have seldom a keen appreciation of the merits of the contest. That it was at first a struggle for empire, and afterward for existence on the part of Carthage, that Hannibal was a great and skillful general, that he defeated the Romans at Trebia, Lake Trasimenus, and Cannæ, and all but took Rome, represents pretty nearly the sum total of their knowledge. To let them know more about this momentous struggle for the empire of the world Mr. Henty has written this story, which not only gives in graphic style a brilliant description of a most interesting period of history, but is a tale of exciting adventure sure to secure the interest of the reader.

"Well constructed and vividly told. From first to last nothing stays the interest of the narrative. It bears us along as on a stream whose current varies in direction, but never loses its force."—*Saturday Review.*

In Freedom's Cause: A Story of Wallace and Bruce. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story the author relates the stirring tale of the Scottish War of Independence. The extraordinary valor and personal prowess of Wallace and Bruce rival the deeds of the mythical heroes of chivalry, and indeed at one time Wallace was ranked with these legendary personages. The researches of modern historians have shown, however, that he was a living, breathing man—and a valiant champion. The hero of the tale fought under both Wallace and Bruce, and while the strictest historical accuracy has been maintained with respect to public events, the work is full of "hairbreadth 'scapes" and wild adventure.

"It is written in the author's best style. Full of the wildest and most remarkable achievements, it is a tale of great interest, which a boy, once he has begun it, will not willingly put on one side."—*The Schoolmaster.*

With Lee in Virginia: A Story of the American Civil War. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The story of a young Virginian planter, who, after bravely proving his sympathy with the slaves of brutal masters, serves with no less courage and enthusiasm under Lee and Jackson through the most exciting events of the struggle. He has many hairbreadth escapes, is several times wounded and twice taken prisoner; but his courage and readiness and, in two cases, the devotion of a black servant and of a runaway slave whom he had assisted, bring him safely through all difficulties.

"One of the best stories for lads which Mr. Henty has yet written. The picture is full of life and color, and the stirring and romantic incidents are skillfully blended with the personal interest and charm of the story."—*Standard.*

By England's Aid; or, The Freeing of the Netherlands (1585-1604). By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by ALFRED PEARSE, and Maps. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The story of two English lads who go to Holland as pages in the service of one of "the fighting Veres." After many adventures by sea and land, one of the lads finds himself on board a Spanish ship at the time of the defeat of the Armada, and escapes only to fall into the hands of the Corsairs. He is successful in getting back to Spain under the protection of a wealthy merchant and regains his native country after the capture of Cadiz.

"It is an admirable book for youngsters. It overflows with stirring incident and exciting adventure, and the color of the era and of the scene are finely reproduced. The illustrations add to its attractiveness."—*Boston Gazette.*

By Right of Conquest; or, With Cortez in Mexico. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by W. S. STACEY, and Two Maps. 12mo, cloth, price $1.50.

The conquest of Mexico by a small band of resolute men under the magnificent leadership of Cortez is always rightly ranked among the most romantic and daring exploits in history. With this as the groundwork of his story Mr. Henty has interwoven the adventures of an English youth, Roger Hawkshaw, the sole survivor of the good ship Swan, which had sailed from a Devon port to challenge the mercantile supremacy o the Spaniards in the New World. He is beset by many perils among the natives, but is saved by his own judgment and strength, and by the devotion of an Aztec princess. At last by a ruse he obtains the protection of the Spaniards, and after the fall of Mexico he succeeds in regaining his native shore, with a fortune and a charming Aztec bride.

"'By Right of Conquest' is the nearest approach to a perfectly successful historical tale that Mr. Henty has yet published."—*Academy.*

In the Reign of Terror: The Adventures of a Westminster Boy. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by J. SCHÖNBERG. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Harry Sandwith, a Westminster boy, becomes a resident at the chateau of a French marquis, and after various adventures accompanies the family to Paris at the crisis of the Revolution. Imprisonment and death reduce their number, and the hero finds himself beset by perils with the three young daughters of the house in his charge. After hairbreadth escapes they reach Nantes. There the girls are condemned to death in the coffin-ships, but are saved by the unfailing courage of their boy protector.

"Harry Sandwith, the Westminster boy, may fairly be said to beat Mr. Henty's record. His adventures will delight boys by the audacity and peril they depict. . . . The story is one of Mr. Henty's best."—*Saturday Review.*

With Wolfe in Canada; or, The Winning of a Continent. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In the present volume Mr. Henty gives an account of the struggle between Britain and France for supremacy in the North American continent. On the issue of this war depended not only the destinies of North America, but to a large extent those of the mother countries themselves. The fall of Quebec decided that the Anglo-Saxon race should predominate in the New World; that Britain, and not France, should take the lead among the nations of Europe; and that English and American commerce, the English language, and English literature, should spread right round the globe.

"It is not only a lesson in history as instructively as it is graphically told, but also a deeply interesting and often thrilling tale of adventure and peril by flood and field."—*Illustrated London News.*

True to the Old Flag: A Tale of the American War of Independence. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story the author has gone to the accounts of officers who took part in the conflict, and lads will find that in no war in which American and British soldiers have been engaged did they behave with greater courage and good conduct. The historical portion of the book being accompanied with numerous thrilling adventures with the redskins on the shores of Lake Huron, a story of exciting interest is interwoven with the general narrative and carried through the book.

"Does justice to the pluck and determination of the British soldiers during the unfortunate struggle against American emancipation. The son of an American loyalist, who remains true to our flag, falls among the hostile redskins in that very Huron country which has been endeared to us by the exploits of Hawkeye and Chingachgook."—*The Times.*

The Lion of St. Mark: A Tale of Venice in the Fourteenth Century. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A story of Venice at a period when her strength and splendor were put to the severest tests. The hero displays a fine sense and manliness which carry him safely through an atmosphere of intrigue, crime, and bloodshed. He contributes largely to the victories of the Venetians at Porto d'Anzo and Chioggia, and finally wins the hand of the daughter of one of the chief men of Venice.

"Every boy should read 'The Lion of St. Mark.' Mr. Henty nas never produced a story more delightful, more wholesome, or more vivacious."—*Saturday Review.*

A Final Reckoning: A Tale of Bush Life in Australia. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00,

The hero, a young English lad. after rather a stormy boyhood, emigrates to Australia, and gets employment as an officer in the mounted police. A few years of active work on the frontier, where he has many a brush with both natives and bushrangers, gain him promotion to a captaincy, and he eventually settles down to the peaceful life of a squatter.

"Mr. Henty has never published a more readable, a more carefully constructed, or a better written story than this."—*Spectator.*

Under Drake's Flag: A Tale of the Spanish Main. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A story of the days when England and Spain struggled for the supremacy of the sea. The heroes sail as lads with Drake in the Pacific expedition, and in his great voyage of circumnavigation. The historical portion of the story is absolutely to be relied upon, but this will perhaps be less attractive than the great variety of exciting adventure through which the young heroes pass in the course of their voyages.

"A book of adventure, where the hero meets with experience enough, one would think, to turn his hair gray."—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

By Sheer Pluck: A Tale of the Ashanti War. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The author has woven, in a tale of thrilling interest, all the details of the Ashanti campaign, of which he was himself a witness. His hero, after many exciting adventures in the interior, is detained a prisoner by the king just before the outbreak of the war, but escapes, and accompanies the English expedition on their march to Coomassie.

"Mr. Henty keeps up his reputation as a writer of boys' stories. 'By Sheer Pluck' will be eagerly read."—*Athenæum.*

By Pike and Dyke: A Tale of the Rise of the Dutch Republic. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by MAYNARD BROWN, and 4 Maps. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

In this story Mr. Henty traces the adventures and brave deeds of an English boy in the household of the ablest man of his age—William the Silent. Edward Martin, the son of an English sea-captain, enters the service of the Prince as a volunteer, and is employed by him in many dangerous and responsible missions, in the discharge of which he passes through the great sieges of the time. He ultimately settles down as Sir Edward Martin.

"Boys with a turn for historical research will be enchanted with the book while the rest who only care for adventure will be students in spite of themselves."—*St. James' Gazette.*

St. George for England: A Tale of Cressy and Poitiers. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

No portion of English history is more crowded with great events than that of the reign of Edward III. Cressy and Poitiers; the destruction of the Spanish fleet; the plague of the Black Death; the Jacquerie rising; these are treated by the author in "St. George for England." The hero of the story, although of good family, begins life as a London apprentice, but after countless adventures and perils becomes by valor and good conduct the squire, and at last the trusted friend of the Black Prince.

"Mr. Henty has developed for himself a type of historical novel for boys which bids fair to supplement, on their behalf, the historical labors of Sir Walter Scott in the land of fiction."—*The Standard.*

Captain's Kidd's Gold: The True Story of an Adventurous Sailor Boy. By JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

There is something fascinating to the average youth in the very idea of buried treasure. A vision arises before his eyes of swarthy Portuguese and Spanish rascals, with black beards and gleaming eyes—sinister-looking fellows who once on a time haunted the Spanish Main, sneaking out from some hidden creek in their long, low schooner, of picaroonish rake and sheer, to attack an unsuspecting trading craft. There were many famous sea rovers in their day, but none more celebrated than Capt. Kidd. Perhaps the most fascinating tale of all is Mr. Fitts' true story of an adventurous American boy, who receives from his dying father an ancient bit of vellum, which the latter obtained in a curious way. The document bears obscure directions purporting to locate a certain island in the Bahama group, and a considerable treasure buried there by two of Kidd's crew. The hero of this book, Paul Jones Garry, is an ambitious, persevering lad, of salt-water New England ancestry, and his efforts to reach the island and secure the money form one of the most absorbing tales for our youth that has come from the press.

Captain Bayley's Heir: A Tale of the Gold Fields of California. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by H. M. PAGET. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A frank, manly lad and his cousin are rivals in the heirship of a considerable property. The former falls into a trap laid by the latter, and while under a false accusation of theft foolishly leaves England for America. He works his passage before the mast, joins a small band of hunters, crosses a tract of country infested with Indians to the Californian gold diggings, and is successful both as digger and trader.

"Mr. Henty is careful to mingle instruction with entertainment; and the humorous touches, especially in the sketch of John Holl, the Westminster dustman, Dickens himself could hardly have excelled."—*Christian Leader.*

For Name and Fame; or, Through Afghan Passes. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

An interesting story of the last war in Afghanistan. The hero, after being wrecked and going through many stirring adventures among the Malays, finds his way to Calcutta and enlists in a regiment proceeding to join the army at the Afghan passes. He accompanies the force under General Roberts to the Peiwar Kotal, is wounded, taken prisoner, carried to Cabul, whence he is transferred to Candahar, and takes part in the final defeat of the army of Ayoub Khan.

"The best feature of the book—apart from the interest of its scenes of adventure—is its honest effort to do justice to the patriotism of the Afghan people."—*Daily News.*

Captured by Apes: The Wonderful Adventures of a Young Animal Trainer. By HARRY PRENTICE. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

The scene of this tale is laid on an island in the Malay Archipelago. Philip Garland, a young animal collector and trainer, of New York, sets sail for Eastern seas in quest of a new stock of living curiosities. The vessel is wrecked off the coast of Borneo and young Garland, the sole survivor of the disaster, is cast ashore on a small island, and captured by the apes that overrun the place. The lad discovers that the ruling spirit of the monkey tribe is a gigantic and vicious baboon, whom he identifies as Goliah, an animal at one time in his possession and with whose instruction he had been especially diligent. The brute recognizes him, and with a kind of malignant satisfaction puts his former master through the same course of training he had himself experienced with a faithfulness of detail which shows how astonishing is monkey recollection. Very novel indeed is the way by which the young man escapes death. Mr. Prentice has certainly worked a new vein on juvenile fiction, and the ability with which he handles a difficult subject stamps him as a writer of undoubted skill.

The Bravest of the Brave; or, With Peterborough in Spain. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by H. M. PAGET. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

There are few great leaders whose lives and actions have so completely fallen into oblivion as those of the Earl of Peterborough. This is largely due to the fact that they were overshadowed by the glory and successes of Marlborough. His career as general extended over little more than a year, and yet, in that time, he showed a genius for warfare which has never been surpassed.

"Mr. Henty never loses sight of the moral purpose of his work—to enforce the doctrine of courage and truth. Lads will read 'The Bravest of the Brave' with pleasure and profit; of that we are quite sure."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Cat of Bubastes: A Story of Ancient Egypt. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A story which will give young readers an unsurpassed insight into the customs of the Egyptian people. Amuba, a prince of the Rebu nation, is carried with his charioteer Jethro into slavery. They become inmates of the house of Ameres, the Egyptian high-priest, and are happy in his service until the priest's son accidentally kills the sacred cat of Bubastes. In an outburst of popular fury Ameres is killed, and it rests with Jethro and Amuba to secure the escape of the high-priest's son and daughter.

"The story, from the critical moment of the killing of the sacred cat to the perilous exodus into Asia with which it closes, is very skillfully constructed and full of exciting adventures. It is admirably illustrated."—*Saturday Review.*

With Washington at Monmouth: A Story of Three Philadelphia Boys. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Three Philadelphia boys, Seth Graydon "whose mother conducted a boarding-house which was patronized by the British officers;" Enoch Ball, "son of that Mrs. Ball whose dancing school was situated on Letitia Street," and little Jacob, son of "Chris, the Baker," serve as the principal characters. The story is laid during the winter when Lord Howe held possession of the city, and the lads aid the cause by assisting the American spies who make regular and frequent visits from Valley Forge. One reads here of home-life in the captive city when bread was scarce among the people of the lower classes, and a reckless prodigality shown by the British officers, who passed the winter in feasting and merry-making while the members of the patriot army but a few miles away were suffering from both cold and hunger. The story abounds with pictures of Colonial life skillfully drawn, and the glimpses of Washington's soldiers which are given show that the work has not been hastily done, or without considerable study.

For the Temple: A Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by S. J. SOLOMON. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Mr. Henty here weaves into the record of Josephus an admirable and attractive story. The troubles in the district of Tiberias, the march of the legions, the sieges of Jotapata, of Gamala, and of Jerusalem, form the impressive and carefully studied historic setting to the figure of the lad who passes from the vineyard to the service of Josephus, becomes the leader of a guerrilla band of patriots, fights bravely for the Temple, and after a brief term of slavery at Alexandria, returns to his Galilean home with the favor of Titus.

"Mr. Henty's graphic prose pictures of the hopeless Jewish resistance to Roman sway add another leaf to his record of the famous wars of the world." —*Graphic.*

Facing Death: or, The Hero of the Vaughan Pit. A Tale of the Coal Mines. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"Facing Death" is a story with a purpose. It is intended to show that a lad who makes up his mind firmly and resolutely that he will rise in life, and who is prepared to face toil and ridicule and hardship to carry out his determination, is sure to succeed. The hero of the story is a typical British boy, dogged, earnest, generous, and though "shamefaced" to a degree, is ready to face death in the discharge of duty.

"The tale is well written and well illustrated, and there is much reality in the characters. If any father, clergyman, or schoolmaster is on the lookout for a good book to give as a present to a boy who is worth his salt, this is the book we would recommend."—*Standard.*

Tom Temple's Career. By HORATIO ALGER. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Tom Temple, a bright, self-reliant lad, by the death of his father becomes a boarder at the home of Nathan Middleton, a penurious insurance agent. Though well paid for keeping the boy, Nathan and his wife endeavor to bring Master Tom in line with their parsimonious habits. The lad ingeniously evades their efforts and revolutionizes the household. As Tom is heir to $40,000, he is regarded as a person of some importance until by an unfortunate combination of circumstances his fortune shrinks to a few hundreds. He leaves Plympton village to seek work in New York, whence he undertakes an important mission to California, around which center the most exciting incidents of his young career. Some of his adventures in the far west are so startling that the reader will scarcely close the book until the last page shall have been reached. The tale is written in Mr. Alger's most fascinating style, and is bound to please the very large class of boys who regard this popular author as a prime favorite.

Maori and Settler: A Story of the New Zealand War. By G. A. HENTY. With full-page Illustrations by ALFRED PEARSE 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The Renshaws emigrate to New Zealand during the period of the war with the natives. Wilfrid, a strong, self-reliant, courageous lad, is the mainstay of the household. He has for his friend Mr. Atherton, a botanist and naturalist of herculean strength and unfailing nerve and humor. In the adventures among the Maoris, there are many breathless moments in which the odds seem hopelessly against the party, but they succeed in establishing themselves happily in one of the pleasant New Zealand valleys.

"Brimful of adventure, of humorous and interesting conversation, and vivid pictures of colonial life."—*Schoolmaster.*

Julian Mortimer: A Brave Boy's Struggle for Home and Fortune. By HARRY CASTLEMON. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Here is a story that will warm every boy's heart. There is mystery enough to keep any lad's imagination wound up to the highest pitch. The scene of the story lies west of the Mississippi River, in the days when emigrants made their perilous way across the great plains to the land of gold. One of the startling features of the book is the attack upon the wagon train by a large party of Indians. Our hero is a lad of uncommon nerve and pluck, a brave young American in every sense of the word. He enlists and holds the reader's sympathy from the outset. Surrounded by an unknown and constant peril, and assisted by the unswerving fidelity of a stalwart trapper, a real rough diamond, our hero achieves the most happy results. Harry Castlemon has written many entertaining stories for boys, and it would seem almost superfluous to say anything in his praise, for the youth of America regard him as a favorite author.

"Carrots:" Just a Little Boy. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. With Illustrations by WALTER CRANE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"One of the cleverest and most pleasing stories it has been our good fortune to meet with for some time. Carrots and his sister are delightful little beings, whom to read about is at once to become very fond of."—*Examiner.*

"A genuine children's book; we've seen 'em seize it, and read it greedily. Children are first-rate critics, and thoroughly appreciate Walter Crane's illustrations."—*Punch.*

Mopsa the Fairy. By JEAN INGELOW. With Eight page Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"Mrs. Ingelow is, to our mind, the most charming of all living writers for children, and 'Mopsa' alone ought to give her a kind of pre-emptive right to the love and gratitude of our young folks. It requires genius to conceive a purely imaginary work which must of necessity deal with the supernatural, without running into a mere riot of fantastic absurdity; but genius Miss Ingelow has and the story of 'Jack' is as careless and joyous, but as delicate as a picture of childhood."—*Eclectic.*

A Jaunt Through Java: The Story of a Journey to the Sacred Mountain. By EDWARD S. ELLIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The central interest of this story is found in the thrilling adventures of two cousins, Hermon and Eustace Hadley, on their trip across the island of Java, from Samarang to the Sacred Mountain. In a land where the Royal Bengal tiger runs at large; where the rhinoceros and other fierce beasts are to be met with at unexpected moments; it is but natural that the heroes of this book should have a lively experience. Hermon not only distinguishes himself by killing a full-grown tiger at short range, but meets with the most startling adventure of the journey. There is much in this narrative to instruct as well as entertain the reader, and so deftly has Mr. Ellis used his material that there is not a dull page in the book. The two heroes are brave, manly young fellows, bubbling over with boyish independence. They cope with the many difficulties that arise during the trip in a fearless way that is bound to win the admiration of every lad who is so fortunate as to read their adventures.

Wrecked on Spider Island; or, How Ned Rogers Found the Treasure. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A "down-east" plucky lad who ships as cabin boy, not from love of adventure, but because it is the only course remaining by which he can gain a livelihood. While in his bunk, seasick, Ned Rogers hears the captain and mate discussing their plans for the willful wreck of the brig in order to gain the insurance. Once it is known he is in possession of the secret the captain maroons him on Spider Island, explaining to the crew that the boy is afflicted with leprosy. While thus involuntarily playing the part of a Crusoe, Ned discovers a wreck submerged in the sand, and overhauling the timbers for the purpose of gathering material with which to build a hut finds a considerable amount of treasure. Raising the wreck; a voyage to Havana under sail; shipping there a crew and running for Savannah; the attempt of the crew to seize the little craft after learning of the treasure on board, and, as a matter of course, the successful ending of the journey, all serve to make as entertaining a story of sea-life as the most captious boy could desire.

Geoff and Jim: A Story of School Life. By ISMAY THORN. Illustrated by A. G. WALKER. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"This is a prettily told story of the life spent by two motherless bairns at a small preparatory school. Both Geoff and Jim are very lovable characters, only Jim is the more so; and the scrapes he gets into and the trials he endures will, no doubt, interest a large circle of young readers."—*Church Times.*

"This is a capital children's story, the characters well portrayed, and the book tastefully bound and well illustrated."—*Schoolmaster.*

"The story can be heartily recommended as a present for boys."—*Standard.*

The Castaways; or, On the Florida Reefs. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This tale smacks of the salt sea. It is just the kind of story that the majority of boys yearn for. From the moment that the Sea Queen dispenses with the services of the tug in lower New York bay till the breeze leaves her becalmed off the coast of Florida, one can almost hear the whistle of the wind through her rigging, the creak of her straining cordage as she heels to the leeward, and feel her rise to the snow-capped waves which her sharp bow cuts into twin streaks of foam. Off Marquesas Keys she floats in a dead calm. Ben Clark, the hero of the story, and Jake, the cook, spy a turtle asleep upon the glassy surface of the water. They determine to capture him, and take a boat for that purpose, and just as they succeed in catching him a thick fog cuts them off from the vessel, and then their troubles begin. They take refuge on board a drifting hulk, a storm arises and they are cast ashore upon a low sandy key. Their adventures from this point cannot fail to charm the reader. As a writer for young people Mr. Otis is a prime favorite. His style is captivating, and never for a moment does he allow the interest to flag. In "The Castaways" he is at his best.

Tom Thatcher's Fortune. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Like all of Mr. Alger's heroes, Tom Thatcher is a brave, ambitious, unselfish boy. He supports his mother and sister on meager wages earned as a shoe-pegger in John Simpson's factory. The story begins with Tom's discharge from the factory, because Mr. Simpson felt annoyed with the lad for interrogating him too closely about his missing father. A few days afterward Tom learns that which induces him to start overland for California with the view of probing the family mystery. He meets with many adventures. Ultimately he returns to his native village, bringing consternation to the soul of John Simpson, who only escapes the consequences of his villainy by making full restitution to the man whose friendship he had betrayed. The story is told in that entertaining way which has made Mr. Alger's name a household word in so many homes.

Birdie: A Tale of Child Life. By H. L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON. Illustrated by H. W. RAINEY. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"The story is quaint and simple, but there is a freshness about it that makes one hear again the ringing laugh and the cheery shout of children at play which charmed his earlier years."—*New York Express.*

Popular Fairy Tales. By the BROTHERS GRIMM. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"From first to last, almost without exception, these stories are delightful."—*Athenæum.*

With Lafayette at Yorktown: A Story of How Two Boys Joined the Continental Army. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The two boys are from Portsmouth, N. H., and are introduced in August, 1781, when on the point of leaving home to enlist in Col. Scammell's regiment, then stationed near New York City. Their method of traveling is on horseback, and the author has given an interesting account of what was expected from boys in the Colonial days. The lads, after no slight amount of adventure, are sent as messengers—not soldiers—into the south to find the troops under Lafayette. Once with that youthful general they are given employment as spies, and enter the British camp, bringing away valuable information. The pictures of camp-life are carefully drawn, and the portrayal of Lafayette's character is thoroughly well done. The story is wholesome in tone, as are all of Mr. Otis' works. There is no lack of exciting incident which the youthful reader craves, but it is healthful excitement brimming with facts which every boy should be familiar with, and while the reader is following the adventures of Ben Jaffreys and Ned Allen he is acquiring a fund of historical lore which will remain in his memory long after that which he has memorized from text-books has been forgotten.

Lost in the Canon: Sam Willett's Adventures on the Great Colorado. By ALFRED R. CALHOUN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This story hinges on a fortune left to Sam Willett, the hero, and the fact that it will pass to a disreputable relative if the lad dies before he shall have reached his majority. The Vigilance Committee of Hurley's Gulch arrest Sam's father and an associate for the crime of murder. Their lives depend on the production of the receipt given for money paid. This is in Sam's possession at the camp on the other side of the cañon. A messenger is dispatched to get it. He reaches the lad in the midst of a fearful storm which floods the cañon. His father's peril urges Sam to action. A raft is built on which the boy and his friends essay to cross the torrent. They fail to do so, and a desperate trip down the stream ensues. How the party finally escape from the horrors of their situation and Sam reaches Hurley's Gulch in the very nick of time, is described in a graphic style that stamps Mr. Calhoun as a master of his art.

Jack: A Topsy Turvy Story. By C. M. CRAWLEY-BOEVEY. With upward of Thirty Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"The illustrations deserve particular mention, as they add largely to the interest of this amusing volume for children. Jack falls asleep with his mind full of the subject of the fishpond, and is very much surprised presently to find himself an inhabitant of Waterworld, where he goes though wonderful and edifying adventures. A handsome and pleasant book."—*Literary World.*

Search for the Silver City: A Tale of Adventure in Yucatan. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Two American lads, Teddy Wright and Neal Emery, embark on the steam yacht Day Dream for a short summer cruise to the tropics. Homeward bound the yacht is destroyed by fire. All hands take to the boats, but during the night the boat is cast upon the coast of Yucatan. They come across a young American named Cummings, who entertains them with the story of the wonderful Silver City, of the Chan Santa Cruz Indians. Cummings proposes with the aid of a faithful Indian ally to brave the perils of the swamp and carry off a number of the golden images from the temples. Pursued with relentless vigor for days their situation is desperate. At last their escape is effected in an astonishing manner. Mr. Otis has built his story on an historical foundation. It is so full of exciting incidents that the reader is quite carried away with the novelty and realism of the narrative.

Frank Fowler, the Cash Boy. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Thrown upon his own resources Frank Fowler, a poor boy, bravely determines to make a living for himself and his foster-sister Grace. Going to New York he obtains a situation as cash boy in a dry goods store. He renders a service to a wealthy old gentleman named Wharton, who takes a fancy to the lad. Frank, after losing his place as cash boy, is enticed by an enemy to a lonesome part of New Jersey and held a prisoner. This move recoils upon the plotter, for it leads to a clue that enables the lad to establish his real identity. Mr. Alger's stories are not only unusually interesting, but they convey a useful lesson of pluck and manly independence.

Budd Boyd's Triumph; or, the Boy Firm of Fox Island. By WILLIAM P. CHIPMAN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The scene of this story is laid on the upper part of Narragansett Bay, and the leading incidents have a strong salt-water flavor. Owing to the conviction of his father for forgery and theft, Budd Boyd is compelled to leave his home and strike out for himself. Chance brings Budd in contact with Judd Floyd. The two boys, being ambitious and clear sighted, form a partnership to catch and sell fish. The scheme is successfully launched, but the unexpected appearance on the scene of Thomas Bagsley, the man whom Budd believes guilty of the crimes attributed to his father, leads to several disagreeable complications that nearly caused the lad's ruin. His pluck and good sense, however, carry him through his troubles. In following the career of the boy firm of Boyd & Floyd, the youthful reader will find a useful lesson—that industry and perseverance are bound to lead to ultimate success.

The Errand Boy; or, How Phil Brent Won Success. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The career of "The Errand Boy" embraces the city adventures of a smart country lad who at an early age was abandoned by his father. Philip was brought up by a kind-hearted innkeeper named Brent. The death of Mrs. Brent paved the way for the hero's subsequent troubles. Accident introduces him to the notice of a retired merchant in New York, who not only secures him the situation of errand boy but thereafter stands as his friend. An unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, however, brings Philip and his father together. In "The Errand Boy" Philip Brent is possessed of the same sterling qualities so conspicuous in all of the previous creations of this delightful writer for our youth.

The Slate Picker: The Story of a Boy's Life in the Coal Mines. By HARRY PRENTICE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This is a story of a boy's life in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. There are many thrilling situations, notably that of Ben Burton's leap into the "lion's mouth"—the yawning shute in the breakers—to escape a beating at the hands of the savage Spilkins, the overseer. Gracie Gordon is a little angel in rags, Terence O'Dowd is a manly, sympathetic lad, and Enoch Evans, the miner-poet, is a big-hearted, honest fellow, a true friend to all whose burdens seem too heavy for them to bear. Ben Burton, the hero, had a hard road to travel, but by grit and energy he advanced step by step until he found himself called upon to fill the position of chief engineer of the Kohinoor Coal Company.

A Runaway Brig; or, An Accidental Cruise. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"A Runaway Brig" is a sea tale, pure and simple, and that's where it strikes a boy's fancy. The reader can look out upon the wide shimmering sea as it flashes back the sunlight, and imagine himself afloat with Harry Vandyne, Walter Morse, Jim Libby and that old shell-back, Bob Brace, on the brig Bonita, which lands on one of the Bahama keys. Finally three strangers steal the craft, leaving the rightful owners to shift for themselves aboard a broken-down tug. The boys discover a mysterious document which enables them to find a buried treasure, then a storm comes on and the tug is stranded. At last a yacht comes in sight and the party with the treasure is taken off the lonely key. The most exacting youth is sure to be fascinated with this entertaining story.

Fairy Tales and Stories. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"If I were asked to select a child's library I should name these three volumes 'English,' 'Celtic,' and 'Indian Fairy Tales,' with Grimm and Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales."—*Independent.*

The Island Treasure; or, Harry Darrel's Fortune. By FRANK H. CONVERSE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Harry Darrel, an orphan, having received a nautical training on a school-ship, is bent on going to sea with a boyish acquaintance named Dan Plunket. A runaway horse changes his prospects. Harry saves Dr. Gregg from drowning and the doctor presents his preserver with a bit of property known as Gregg's Island, and makes the lad sailing-master of his sloop yacht. A piratical hoard is supposed to be hidden somewhere on the island. After much search and many thwarted plans, at last Dan discovers the treasure and is the means of finding Harry's father. Mr. Converse's stories possess a charm of their own which is appreciated by lads who delight in good healthy tales that smack of salt water.

The Boy Explorers: The Adventures of Two Boys in Alaska. By HARRY PRENTICE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Two boys, Raymond and Spencer Manning, travel from San Francisco to Alaska to join their father in search of their uncle, who, it is believed, was captured and detained by the inhabitants of a place called the "Heart of Alaska." On their arrival at Sitka the boys with an Indian guide set off across the mountains. The trip is fraught with perils that test the lads' courage to the utmost. Reaching the Yukon River they build a raft and float down the stream, entering the Mysterious River, from which they barely escape with their lives, only to be captured by natives of the Heart of Alaska. All through their exciting adventures the lads demonstrate what can be accomplished by pluck and resolution, and their experience makes one of the most interesting tales ever written.

The Treasure Finders: A Boy's Adventures in Nicaragua. By JAMES OTIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Roy and Dean Coloney, with their guide Tongla, leave their father's indigo plantation to visit the wonderful ruins of an ancient city. The boys eagerly explore the dismantled temples of an extinct race and discover three golden images cunningly hidden away. They escape with the greatest difficulty; by taking advantage of a festive gathering they seize a canoe and fly down the river. Eventually they reach safety with their golden prizes. Mr. Otis is the prince of story tellers, for he handles his material with consummate skill. We doubt if he has ever written a more entertaining story than "The Treasure Finders."

Household Fairy Tales. By the BROTHERS GRIMM. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"As a collection of fairy tales to delight children of all ages this work ranks second to none."—*Daily Graphic.*

Dan the Newsboy. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The reader is introduced to Dan Mordaunt and his mother living in a poor tenement, and the lad is pluckily trying to make ends meet by selling papers in the streets of New York. A little heiress of six years is confided to the care of the Mordaunts. At the same time the lad obtains a position in a wholesale house. He soon demonstrates how valuable he is to the firm by detecting the bookkeeper in a bold attempt to rob his employers. The child is kidnaped and Dan tracks the child to the house where she is hidden, and rescues her. The wealthy aunt of the little heiress is so delighted with Dan's courage and many good qualities that she adopts him as her heir, and the conclusion of the book leaves the hero on the high road to every earthly desire.

Tony the Hero: A Brave Boy's Adventure with a Tramp. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Tony, a sturdy bright-eyed boy of fourteen, is under the control of Rudolph Rugg, a thorough rascal, shiftless and lazy, spending his time tramping about the country. After much abuse Tony runs away and gets a job as stable boy in a country hotel. Tony is heir to a large estate in England, and certain persons find it necessary to produce proof of the lad's death. Rudolph for a consideration hunts up Tony and throws him down a deep well. Of course Tony escapes from the fate provided for him, and by a brave act makes a rich friend, with whom he goes to England, where he secures his rights and is prosperous. The fact that Mr. Alger is the author of this entertaining book will at once recommend it to all juvenile readers.

A Young Hero; or, Fighting to Win. BY EDWARD S. ELLIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This story tells how a valuable solid silver service was stolen from the Misses Perkinpine, two very old and simple minded ladies. Fred Sheldon, the hero of this story and a friend of the old ladies, undertakes to discover the thieves and have them arrested. After much time spent in detective work, he succeeds in discovering the silver plate and winning the reward for its restoration. During the narrative a circus comes to town and a thrilling account of the escape of the lion from its cage, with its recapture, is told in Mr. Ellis' most fascinating style. Every boy will be glad to read this delightful book.

The Days of Bruce: A Story from Scottish History. By GRACE AGUILAR. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"There is a delightful freshness, sincerity and vivacity about all of Grace Aguilar's stories which cannot fail to win the interest and admiration of every lover of good reading."—*Boston Beacon.*

Tom the Bootblack; or, The Road to Success. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A bright, enterprising lad was Tom the bootblack. He was not at all ashamed of his humble calling, though always on the lookout to better himself. His guardian, old Jacob Morton, died, leaving him a small sum of money and a written confession that Tom, instead of being of humble origin, was the son and heir of a deceased Western merchant, and had been defrauded out of his just rights by an unscrupulous uncle. The lad started for Cincinnati to look up his heritage. But three years passed away before he obtained his first clue. Mr. Grey, the uncle, did not hesitate to employ a ruffian to kill the lad. The plan failed, and Gilbert Grey, once Tom the bootblack, came into a comfortable fortune. This is one of Mr. Alger's best stories.

Captured by Zulus: A story of Trapping in Africa. By HARRY PRENTICE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This story details the adventures of two lads, Dick Elsworth and Bob Harvey, in the wilds of South Africa, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of zoological curiosities. By stratagem the Zulus capture Dick and Bob and take them to their principal kraal or village. The lads escape death by digging their way out of the prison hut by night. They are pursued, and after a rough experience the boys eventually rejoin the expedition and take part in several wild animal hunts. The Zulus finally give up pursuit and the expedition arrives at the coast without further trouble. Mr. Prentice has a delightful method of blending fact with fiction. He tells exactly how wild-beast collectors secure specimens on their native stamping grounds, and these descriptions make very entertaining reading.

Tom the Ready; or, Up from the Lowest. By RANDOLPH HILL. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

This is a dramatic narrative of the unaided rise of a fearless, ambitious boy from the lowest round of fortune's ladder—the gate of the poorhouse—to wealth and the governorship of his native State. Thomas Seacomb begins life with a purpose. While yet a schoolboy he conceives and presents to the world the germ of the Overland Express Co. At the very outset of his career jealousy and craft seek to blast his promising future. Later he sets out to obtain a charter for a railroad line in connection with the express business. Now he realizes what it is to match himself against capital. Yet he wins and the railroad is built. Only an uncommon nature like Tom's could successfully oppose such a combine. How he manages to win the battle is told by Mr. Hill in a masterful way that thrills the reader and holds his attention and sympathy to the end.

Roy Gilbert's Search: A Tale of the Great Lakes. By WM. P. CHIPMAN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A deep mystery hangs over the parentage of Roy Gilbert. He arranges with two schoolmates to make a tour of the Great Lakes on a steam launch. The three boys leave Erie on the launch and visit many points of interest on the lakes. Soon afterward the lad is conspicuous in the rescue of an elderly gentleman and a lady from a sinking yacht. Later on the cruise of the launch is brought to a disastrous termination and the boys narrowly escape with their lives. The hero is a manly, self-reliant boy, whose adventures will be followed with interest.

The Young Scout; The Story of a West Point Lieutenant. By EDWARD S. ELLIS. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The crafty Apache chief Geronimo but a few years ago was the most terrible scourge of the southwest border. The author has woven, in a tale of thrilling interest, all the incidents of Geronimo's last raid. The hero is Lieutenant James Decker, a recent graduate of West Point. Ambitious to distinguish himself so as to win well-deserved promotion, the young man takes many a desperate chance against the enemy and on more than one occasion narrowly escapes with his life. The story naturally abounds in thrilling situations, and being historically correct, it is reasonable to believe it will find great favor with the boys. In our opinion Mr. Ellis is the best writer of Indian stories now before the public.

Adrift in the Wilds: The Adventures of Two Shipwrecked Boys. BY EDWARD S. ELLIS. 12mo, cloth, price, $1.00.

Elwood Brandon and Howard Lawrence, cousins and schoolmates, accompanied by a lively Irishman called O'Rooney, are en route for San Francisco. Off the coast of California the steamer takes fire. The two boys and their companion reach the shore with several of the passengers. While O'Rooney and the lads are absent inspecting the neighborhood O'Rooney has an exciting experience and young Brandon becomes separated from his party. He is captured by hostile Indians, but is rescued by an Indian whom the lads had assisted. This is a very entertaining narrative of Southern California in the days immediately preceding the construction of the Pacific railroads. Mr. Ellis seems to be particularly happy in this line of fiction, and the present story is fully as entertaining as anything he has ever written.

The Red Fairy Book. Edited by ANDREW LANG. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"A gift-book that will charm any child, and all older folk who have been fortunate enough to retain their taste for the old nursery stories."—*Literary World.*

The Boy Cruisers; or, Paddling in Florida. By St. George Rathborne. 12mo, cloth, price, $1.00.

Boys who like an admixture of sport and adventure will find this book just to their taste. We promise them that they will not go to sleep over the rattling experiences of Andrew George and Roland Carter, who start on a canoe trip along the Gulf coast, from Key West to Tampa, Florida. Their first adventure is with a pair of rascals who steal their boats. Next they run into a gale in the Gulf and have a lively experience while it lasts. After that they have a lively time with alligators and divers varieties of the finny tribe. Andrew gets into trouble with a band of Seminole Indians and gets away without having his scalp raised. After this there is no lack of fun till they reach their destination. That Mr. Rathborne knows just how to interest the boys is apparent at a glance, and lads who are in search of a rare treat will do well to read this entertaining story.

Guy Harris: The Runaway. By Harry Castlemon. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Guy Harris lived in a small city on the shore of one of the Great Lakes. His head became filled with quixotic notions of going West to hunt grizzlies, in fact, Indians. He is persuaded to go to sea, and gets a glimpse of the rough side of life in a sailor's boarding house. He ships on a vessel and for five months leads a hard life. He deserts his ship at San Francisco and starts out to become a backwoodsman, but rough experiences soon cure him of all desire to be a hunter. At St. Louis he becomes a clerk and for a time he yields to the temptations of a great city. The book will not only interest boys generally on account of its graphic style, but will put many facts before their eyes in a new light. This is one of Castlemon's most attractive stories.

The Train Boy. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Paul Palmer was a wide-awake boy of sixteen who supported his mother and sister by selling books and papers on one of the trains running between Chicago and Milwaukee. He detects a young man named Luke Denton in the act of picking the pocket of a young lady, and also incurs the enmity of his brother Stephen, a worthless follow. Luke and Stephen plot to ruin Paul, but their plans are frustrated. In a railway accident many passengers are killed, but Paul is fortunate enough to assist a Chicago merchant, who out of gratitude takes him into his employ. Paul is sent to manage a mine in Custer City and executes his commission with tact and judgment and is well started on the road to business prominence. This is one of Mr. Alger's most attractive stories and is sure to please all readers.

Joe's Luck: A Boy's Adventures in California. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Without a doubt Joe Mason was a lucky boy, but he deserved the golden chances that fell to his lot, for he had the pluck and ambition to push himself to the front. Joe had but one dollar in the world when he stood despondently on the California Mail Steamship Co.'s dock in New York watching the preparations incident to the departure of the steamer. The same dollar was still Joe's entire capital when he landed in the bustling town of tents and one-story cabins—the San Francisco of '51, and inside of the week the boy was proprietor of a small restaurant earning a comfortable profit. The story is chock full of stirring incidents, while the amusing situations are furnished by Joshua Bickford, from Pumpkin Hollow, and the fellow who modestly styles himself the "Rip-tail Roarer, from Pike Co., Missouri." Mr. Alger never writes a poor book, and "Joe's Luck" is certainly one of his best.

Three Bright Girls: A Story of Chance and Mischance. By ANNIE E. ARMSTRONG. With full page Illustrations by W. PARKINSON. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

By a sudden turn of fortune's wheel the three heroines of this story are brought down from a household of lavish comfort to meet the incessant cares and worries of those who have to eke out a very limited income. And the charm of the story lies in the cheery helpfulness of spirit developed in the girls by their changed circumstances; while the author finds a pleasant ending to all their happy makeshifts.

"The story is charmingly told, and the book can be warmly recommended as a present for girls."—*Standard.*

Giannetta: A Girl's Story of Herself. By ROSA MULHOLLAND. With full-page Illustrations by LOCKHART BOGLE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The daughter of a gentleman, who had married a poor Swiss girl, was stolen as an infant by some of her mother's relatives. The child having died, they afterward for the sake of gain substitute another child for it, and the changeling, after becoming a clever modeler of clay images, is suddenly transferred to the position of a rich heiress. She develops into a good and accomplished woman, and though the imposture of her early friends is finally discovered, she has gained too much love and devotion to be really a sufferer by the surrender of her estates.

"Extremely well told and full of interest. Giannetta is a true heroine—warm-hearted, self-sacrificing, and, as all good women nowadays are, largely touched with enthusiasm of humanity. The illustrations are unusually good. One of the most attractive gift books of the season."—*The Academy.*

Margery Merton's Girlhood. By ALICE CORKRAN. With full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

The experiences of an orphan girl who in infancy is left by her father—an officer in India—to the care of an elderly aunt residing near Paris. The accounts of the various persons who have an after influence on the story, the school companions of Margery, the sisters of the Conventual College of Art, the professor, and the peasantry of Fontainebleau, are singularly vivid. There is a subtle attraction about the book which will make it a great favorite with thoughtful girls.

"Another book for girls we can warmly commend. There is a delightful piquancy in the experiences and trials of a young English girl who studies painting in Paris."—*Saturday Review.*

Under False Colors: A Story from Two Girls' Lives. By SARAH DOUDNEY. With full-page Illustrations by G. G. KILBURNE. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

A story which has in it so strong a dramatic element that it will attract readers of all ages and of either sex. The incidents of the plot, arising from the thoughtless indulgence of a deceptive freak, are exceedingly natural, and the keen interest of the narrative is sustained from beginning to end.

"Sarah Doudney has no superior as a writer of high-toned stories—pure in style, original in conception, and with skillfully wrought out plots; but we have seen nothing equal in dramatic energy to this book."—*Christian Leader.*

Down the Snow Stairs; or, From Good-night to Good-morning. By ALICE CORKRAN. With Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

This is a remarkable story: full of vivid fancy and quaint originality. In its most fantastic imaginings it carries with it a sense of reality, and derives a singular attraction from that combination of simplicity, originality, and subtle humor, which is so much appreciated by lively and thoughtful children. Children of a larger growth will also be deeply interested in Kitty's strange journey, and her wonderful experiences.

"Among all the Christmas volumes which the year has brought to our table this one stands out *facile princeps*—a gem of the first water, bearing upon every one of its pages the signet mark of genius. . . . All is told with such simplicity and perfect naturalness that the dream appears to be a solid reality. It is indeed a Little Pilgrim's Progress."—*Christian Leader.*

The Tapestry Room: A Child's Romance. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by WALTER CRANE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"Mrs. Molesworth is a charming painter of the nature and ways of children; and she has done good service in giving us this charming juvenile which will delight the young people."—*Athenæum,* London.

Little Miss Peggy: Only a Nursery Story. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. With Illustrations by WALTER CRANE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

Mrs. Molesworth's children are finished studies. She is never sentimental, but writes common sense in a straightforward manner. A joyous earnest spirit pervades her work, and her sympathy is unbounded. She loves them with her whole heart, while she lays bare their little minds, and expresses their foibles, their faults, their virtues, their inward struggles, their conception of duty, and their instinctive knowledge of the right and wrong of things. She knows their characters, she understands their wants, and she desires to help them.

Polly: A New Fashioned Girl. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

Few authors have achieved a popularity equal to Mrs. Meade as a writer of stories for young girls. Her characters are living beings of flesh and blood, not lay figures of conventional type. Into the trials and crosses, and everyday experiences, the reader enters at once with zest and hearty sympathy. While Mrs. Meade always writes with a high moral purpose, her lessons of life, purity and nobility of character are rather inculcated by example than intruded as sermons.

Rosy. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by WALTER CRANE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

Mrs. Molesworth, considering the quality and quantity of her labors, is the best story-teller for children England has yet known. This is a bold statement and requires substantiation. Mrs. Molesworth, during the last six years, has never failed to occupy a prominent place among the juvenile writers of the season.

"A very pretty story. . . . The writer knows children and their ways well. . . . The illustrations are exceedingly well drawn."—*Spectator.*

Little Sunshine's Holiday: A Picture from Life. By MISS MULOCK. Illustrated by WALTER CRANE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"This is a pretty narrative of baby life, describing the simple doings and sayings of a very charming and rather precocious child nearly three years old."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Will be delightful to those who have nurseries peopled by 'Little Sunshines' of their own."—*Athenæum.*

Esther: A Book for Girls. By ROSA N. CAREY. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"She inspires her readers simply by bringing them in contact with the characters, who are in themselves inspiring Her simple stories are woven in order to give her an opportunity to describe her characters by their own conduct in seasons of trial."—*Chicago Times.*

Sweet Content. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by W. RAINEY. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"It seems to me not at all easier to draw a lifelike child than to draw a lifelike man or woman: Shakespeare and Webster were the only two men of their age who could do it with perfect delicacy and success. Our own age is more fortunate, on this single score at least, having a larger and far nobler proportion of female writers; among whom, since the death of George Eliot, there is none left whose touch is so exquisite and masterly, whose love is so thoroughly according to knowledge, whose bright and sweet invention is so fruitful, so truthful, or so delightful as Mrs. Molesworth."—A. C. SWINBURNE.

One of a Covey. By the Author of "Honor Bright," "Miss Toosey's Mission." With Numerous Illustrations by H. J. A. MILES. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"Full of spirit and life, so well sustained throughout that grown-up readers may enjoy it as much as children. This 'Covey' consists of the twelve children of a hard-pressed Dr. Partridge. out of which is chosen a little girl to be adopted by a spoilt, fine lady. . . . It is one of the best books of the season."—*Guardian.*

"We have rarely read a story for boys and girls with greater pleasure. One of the chief characters would not have disgraced Dickens' pen."—*Literary World.*

The Little Princess of Tower Hill. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"This is one of the prettiest books for children published, as pretty as a pond-lily, and quite as fragrant. Nothing could be imagined more attractive to young people than such a combination of fresh pages and fair pictures; and while children will rejoice over it—which is much better than crying for it—it is a book that can be read with pleasure even by older boys and girls."—*Boston Advertiser.*

Honor Bright; or, The Four-Leaved Shamrock. By the Author of "One of a Covey," "Miss Toosey's Mission," etc., etc. With full-page Illustrations, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"It requires a special talent to describe the sayings and doings of children, and the author of 'Honor Bright,' 'One of a Covey,' possesses that talent in no small degree."—*Literary Churchman.*

"A cheery, sensible, and healthy tale."—*The Times.*

The Cuckoo Clock. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. With Illustrations by WALTER CRANE. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"A beautiful little story. It will be read with delight by every child into whose hands it is placed. . . . The author deserves all the praise that has been, is, and will be bestowed on 'The Cuckoo Clock.' Children's stories are plentiful, but one like this is not to be met with every day."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Girl Neighbors; or, The Old Fashion and the New. By SARAH TYTLER. With full-page Illustrations by C. T. GARLAND. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"One of the most effective and quietly humorous of Miss Tytler's stories. 'Girl Neighbors' is a pleasant comedy, not so much of errors as of prejudices got rid of, very healthy, very agreeable, and very well written."—*Spectator.*

The Little Lame Prince. By MISS MULOCK. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

"No sweeter—that is the proper word—Christmas story for the little folks could easily be found, and it is as delightful for older readers as well. There is a moral to it which the reader can find out for himself, if he chooses to think."—*Herald*, Cleveland.

The Adventures of a Brownie. As Told to my Child. By MISS MULOCK. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"The author of this delightful little book leaves it in doubt all through whether there actually is such a creature in existence as a Brownie, but she makes us hope that there might be."—*Standard*, Chicago.

Only a Girl: A Story of a Quiet Life. A Tale of Brittany. Adapted from the the French by C. A. JONES. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"We can thoroughly recommend this brightly written and homely narrative."—*Saturday Review.*

Little Rosebud; or, Things Will Take a Turn. By BEATRICE HARRADEN. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"A most delightful little book. . . . Miss Harraden is so bright, so healthy, and so natural withal that the book ought, as a matter of duty, to be added to every girl's library in the land."—*Boston Transcript.*

Little Miss Joy. By EMMA MARSHALL. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"A very pleasant and instructive story, told by a very charming writer in such an attractive way as to win favor among its young readers. The illustrations add to the beauty of the book."—*Utica Herald.*

Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"This story is unique among tales intended for children, alike for pleasant instruction, quaintness of humor, gentle pathos, and the subtlety with which lessons moral and otherwise are conveyed to children, and perhaps to their seniors as well."—*The Spectator.*

Joan's Adventures at the North Pole and Elsewhere. By ALICE CORKRAN. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"Wonderful as the adventures of Joan are, it must be admitted that they are very naturally worked out and very plausibly presented. Altogether this is an excellent story for girls."—*Saturday Review.*

Count Up the Sunny Days: A Story for Boys and Girls. By C. A. JONES. With full-page Illustrations, 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"An unusually good children's story."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Sue and I. By MRS. O'REILLY. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"A thoroughly delightful book, full of sound wisdom as well as fun."—*Athenæum.*

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By LEWIS CARROLL. With 42 Illustrations by JOHN TENNIEL. 12mo, cloth, price 75 cents.

"From first to last, almost without exception, this story is delightfully droll, humorous and illustrated in harmony with the story."—*New York Express.*

Celtic Fairy Tales. Edited by JOSEPH JACOBS. Illustrated by J. D. BATTEN. 12mo, cloth, preic $1.00.

"A stock of delightful little narratives gathered chiefly from the Celtic speaking peasants of Ireland."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"A perfectly lovely book. And oh! the wonderful pictures inside. Get this book if you can; it is capital, all through."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

English Fairy Tales. Edited by JOSEPH JACOBS. Illustrated by J. D. BATTEN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"The tales are simply delightful. No amount of description can do them justice. The only way is to read the book through from cover to cover."—*Magazine and Book Review.*

"The book is intended to correspond to 'Grimm's Fairy Tales,' and it must be allowed that its pages fairly rival in interest those of the well-known repository of folk-lore."—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

Indian Fairy Tales. Edited by JOSEPH JACOBS. Illustrated by J. D. BATTEN. 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"Mr. Jacobs brings home to us in a clear and intelligible manner the enormous influence which 'Indian Fairy Tales' have had upon European literature of the kind."—*Gloucester Journal.*

"The present combination will be welcomed not alone by the little ones for whom it is specially combined, but also by children of larger growth and added years."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Blue Fairy Book. Edited by ANDREW LANG. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"The tales are simply delightful. No amount of description can do them justice. The only way is to read the book through from cover to cover."—*Magazine and Book Review.*

The Green Fairy Book. Edited by ANDREW LANG. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"The most delightful book of fairy tales, taking form and contents together, ever presented to children."—E. S. HARTLAND, in *Folk-Lore.*

The Yellow Fairy Book. Edited by ANDREW LANG. Profusely Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"As a collection of fairy tales to delight children of all ages ranks second to none."—*Daily Graphic* (with illustrations).

Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There. By LEWIS CARROLL. With 50 Illustrations by JOHN TENNIEL.

"A delight alike to the young people and their elders, extremely funny both in text and illustrations."—*Boston Express.*

The Heir of Redclyffe. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"A narrative full of interest from first to last. It is told clearly and in a straightforward manner and arrests the attention of the reader at once, so that one feels afresh the unspeakable pathos of the story to the end."—*London Graphic.*

The Dove in the Eagle's Nest. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"Among all the modern writers we believe Miss Yonge first, not in genius, but in this, that she employs her great abilities for a high and noble purpose. We know of few modern writers whose works may be so safely commended as hers."—*Cleveland Times.*

A Sweet Girl Graduate. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"One of this popular author's best. The characters are well imagined and drawn. The story moves with plenty of spirit and the interest does not flag until the end too quickly comes."—*Providence Journal.*

The Palace Beautiful: A Story for Girls. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated, cloth, 12mo, price $1.00.

"A bright and interesting story. The many admirers of Mrs. L. T. Meade in this country will be delighted with the 'Palace Beautiful' for more reasons than one."—*New York Recorder.*

A World of Girls: The Story of a School. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"One of those wholesome stories which it does one good to read. It will afford pure delight to her numerous readers."—*Boston Home Journal.*

The Lady of the Forest: A Story for Girls. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"This story is written in the author's well-known, fresh and easy style. All girls fond of reading will be charmed by this well-written story. It is told with the author's customary grace and spirit."—*Boston Times.*

At the Back of the North Wind. By GEORGE MACDONALD. Illustrated by GEORGE GROVES, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"A very pretty story, with much of the freshness and vigor of Mr. Macdonald's earlier work. . . . It is a sweet, earnest, and wholesome fairy story, and the quaint native humor is delightful. A most delightful volume for young readers."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Water Babies: A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, price $1.00.

"The strength of his work, as well as its peculiar charms, consist in his description of the experiences of a youth with life under water in the luxuriant wealth of which he revels with all the ardor of a poetical nature."—*New York Tribune.*

THE LITTLE MEN SERIES.

Uniform Cloth Binding. Profusely Illustrated.

PRICE 75 CENTS PER COPY.

This series of boys' books have been selected from the writings of a large number of popular authors of juvenile stories, and are particularly adapted to interest and supply attractive reading for young boys. The books are profusely illustrated, and any one seeking to find a book to give a young boy cannot make a mistake by selecting from the following list of titles.

Black Beauty. The Autobiography of a Horse. By ANNA SEWELL. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Carrots: Just a Little Boy. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Chunk, Fuskey and Snout. A Story of Wild Pigs for Little People. By GERALD YOUNG. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Daddy's Boy. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Flat Iron for a Farthing, A. The Story of an Only Son. By JULIANA HORATIA EWING. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Flock of Four, A. A Story for Boys and Girls. By ISMAY THORN. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Geoff and Jim. A Story of School Life. By ISMAY THORN. Illustrated. cloth, price 75 cents.

Jack: A Topsy Turvy Story. By C. M. CRAWLEY-BOEVEY. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Jackanapes. By JULIANA HORATIA EWING. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Larry's Luck. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," "Tom's Opinion." Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Little Ivan's Hero. A Story of Child Life. By HELEN MILMAN. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Mopsa the Fairy. A Fairy Story for Boys. By JEAN INGELOW. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

My Dog Plato: His Adventures and Impressions. By M. H. CORNWALL LEGH. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Peter the Pilgrim. The Story of a Boy and His Pet Rabbit. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Prince Prigio, Adventures of. By ANDREW LANG. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Robin's Ride. A Story for Children. By ELLINOR D. ADAMS. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Squib and His Friends. A Story for Children. By ELLEN EVERETT GREEN. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Tom's Opinion. The Story of a Boys' School. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

We and the World. A Story for Boys. By JULIANA HORATIA EWING. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

Wonder Book, A: For Boys and Girls. Comprising Stories of Classical Fables. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated, cloth, price 75 cents.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publisher, **A. L. BURT, 97 Reade Street, New York.**

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0002477836 8